

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XVI. }

No. 1687. — October 14, 1876.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CXXXI.

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## POETRY.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

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## MIDSUMMER.

ALONG the uplands waves the grain  
 In golden billows, and below  
 Upon a level stretch of plain  
 The whitened fields of buckwheat grow.  
 The leafy boughs with apples bend,  
 The green is on the chestnut-burs,  
 The locust-buds their perfume send,  
 The breeze now scarce a ripple stirs  
 Above the surface of the lake,  
 And in the silence of the brake,  
 O'ergrown with ferns, the cat-bird screams.  
 The brown thrush and the robin sing,  
 The air with light is half ablaze,  
 And underneath the dazzling beams  
 Of the noontide's exultant rays,  
 The bluebird spreads his azure wing.

Down where the dusty roads divide,  
 The little, old red schoolhouse stands,  
 And here upon the shady side,  
 The children group in happy bands,  
 Let loose at noon. The open door,  
 The battered porch, the well-worn floor,  
 The row of nails, on which a score  
 Of rimless hats are hung by day.  
 The grass is trodden by the feet  
 Of merry urchins at their play,  
 And heedless of the summer heat,  
 For life to them is very sweet,  
 The intermission glides away.  
 Oh gleesome hearts, in after years  
 These scenes to you will bring no tears  
 When life is not a holiday.

FRANKLIN W. FISH.

## NICHOLAS ST. JOHN GREEN.

*Died Sept. 8, 1876.*

## I.

DEAR friend! the ancient elegiac strain  
 For death—was death itself and dark despair;  
 Each word a sob—the vain lament in vain  
 Fell on the careless air!

## II.

Better our teaching, though they teach as well,  
 How deathless atoms in eternal flow  
 Compose the mortal bodies where we dwell,  
 And all things high and low.

## III.

Can senseless atoms live? forever live?  
 And that which animates them ever die?  
 Can we—together brought, without our  
 leave,  
 Then forc'd apart to fly—

## IV.

Be *swore* for immortality? Our loss  
 Cannot be lasting while He lasts to tell  
 What glory shines behind His better cross,  
 Who doeth "all things" well!

Advertiser.

GEORGE SENNOTT.

## GOING SOFTLY.

SHE makes no moan above her faded flowers,  
 She will not vainly strive against her lot,  
 Patient she wears away the slow, sad hours,  
 As if the ray they had were quite forgot;  
 While stronger fingers snatch away the sword,  
 And lighter footsteps pass her on the ways,  
 Yielding submissive to the stern award  
 That said, she must go softly all her days.

She knows the pulse is beating quickly yet,  
 She knows the dream is sweet and subtle  
 still,  
 That struggling from the cloud of past regret,  
 Ready for conflict live Hope, Joy, and Will;  
 So soon, so soon to veil the eager eyes,  
 To dull the throbbing ear to blame or praise,  
 So soon to crush reawakening sympathies,  
 And teach them she goes softly all her days.

She will not speak or move beneath the doom,  
 She knows she had her day, and flung her  
 cast,  
 The loser scarce the laurel may assume,  
 Nor evening think the noonday glow can  
 last.  
 Only, oh youth and love, as in your pride,  
 Of joyous triumph your gay notes you raise,  
 Throw one kind glance and word where, at  
 your side,  
 She creeps, who must go softly all her days,  
 All The Year Round.

## A QUESTION.

BEYOND the fields with summer glowing  
 I see a grave where flowers are growing,  
 Where grateful hands are always throwing  
 Bright laurels one by one.  
 A splendid heart at rest is lying,  
 A brave heart, victor in its trying,  
 That left humanity when dying,  
 A great work grandly done.

Within those fields with sunlight burning,  
 His scanty living daily earning,  
 A man the fragrant hay is turning  
 Into many a heap;  
 Slow are the eyes that watch his raking,  
 Or idly signs of weather taking,  
 The heart to impulse only waking,  
 The soul still dumb, asleep.

Which is the death? We are receiving  
 New courage from a soul yet giving,  
 A blessing from a heart yet living,  
 An inspiration still.

Which is the life? A dull, blind straying?  
 A toil no grander thought obeying?  
 Heart, live thy best, thy questions laying  
 On some far broader will.

Transcript.

MARY G. MORRISON.

From The British Quarterly Review.

# THE ILLYRIAN EMPERORS AND THEIR LAND.

THE Eastern shores of the Hadriatic have in all ages borne the character of a border-land. And it is from their character as a border-land that they draw a great part of their charm, alike for him who studies their past and present history and for him who looks on their hills and islands with his own eyes. And they have been a border-land in two senses. They form the march of the two great geographical, political, and religious divisions of Europe. The two great peninsulas which the Hadriatic Gulf parts asunder have a march-land which does not exactly coincide with their primary physical boundary. The north-eastern part of the eastern peninsula, that which is sometimes called the Byzantine peninsula, is closely connected, even physically, with the Italian peninsula which lies on the western side of the gulf. The mountains which part off Istria and Dalmatia from the vast mainland to the east of them are a continuation of the range of mountains which parts off Italy from the vast mainland to the north of her. It is indeed true in one sense that the heights which part off all the three great peninsulas of southern Europe are parts of one range stretching from the Pyrenees to Haimos. But Dalmatia is bound to Italy by a closer tie than this, and Istria is bound to her by a tie closer still. Istria lies east of the Hadriatic; yet, on any theory of natural boundaries, Istria is manifestly Italian. In the case of Dalmatia the connection is not so close and unbroken; yet the narrow, the constantly narrowing, strip of land between the mountains and the sea, though geographically part of the eastern peninsula, has not a little the air of a thread, a finger, a branch, cast forth from the western peninsula. Dalmatia is thus physically a march-land; and its physical position has ever made it the march-land of languages, empires, and religions. It lies on the border of those two great divisions of Europe which we may severally speak of as the Greek and the Latin worlds. The Dalmatian archipelago, a secondary Ægean with its islands and peninsulas, formed, unless we

except a few doubtful and scattered settlements on the opposite coast, the most distant sphere of Greek colonization in those seas, as it was the latest chosen of all the spheres of genuine Greek settlement, as distinguished from Macedonian conquest. It was through these lands, through wars and negotiations with their rulers, that Rome won her first footing on the eastern coast of the Hadriatic, and thereby found her first opportunity and excuse for meddling in the affairs of Greece. The land through which the Roman had thus made his highway into the eastern lands became, in the days when his empire split asunder, a border-land, a disputed possession, of the Eastern and the Western Empire, of the Eastern and the Western Church. In days when Greek and Roman had so strangely become names of the same meaning, the cities of the Dalmatian coast clave as long as they could to their allegiance to the Greek-speaking prince whose empire still bore the Roman name. In after times they became part of the dominion of that mighty commonwealth which, itself as it were a portion of the east anchored off the shores of the west, bore rule alike on the mainland of Italy and among the islands and peninsulas of Greece. In our own day it forms part of the dominions of a potentate who still clings, however vainly, to the titles, traditions, and ensigns of the elder Rome, but whose geographical position calls him before all princes to be the arbiter, the conqueror, or the deliverer of the lands which still look with fear or with hope to the younger Rome. Dalmatia in all her stages, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Venetian, Austrian, has steadily kept up her character of a border-land between eastern and western Europe. And if we take into our account the great struggle of the early days of our own century, the short incorporation of Dalmatia by France, the still shorter occupation of some of her islands and cities by England—in days when England did not despise Montenegro, and even Russian help—the long destiny of this coast as a debatable ground between the two great divisions of Europe is carried on in yet minuter detail.

The Dalmatian coast has thus always kept its character as a march-land between

east and west, and the march-land of east and west has of necessity been also the march-land of rival empires and rival Churches. But these coasts and islands have been a march-land in yet a further sense than this. Their history has made them in all ages the border, sometimes of civilization against actual barbarism, always of a higher civilization against a lower. And if their position has made them the march of the two great divisions of the Christian Church, it has also made them the march of Christendom itself, first against heathendom and afterwards against Islam. A glance at the map will at once show that the Dalmatian land, whose islands and peninsulas and inland seas make it almost a secondary Hellas, must have been from the earliest times the seat of a higher civilization than the boundless mainland from which its mountains fence it off. But here again its position as a border-land comes in with tenfold force. Dalmatia, with all her islands and havens, could never be as Greece, or even as Italy, because she did not in the same way stand free from the vast mainland behind her. That mainland, on the other hand, has been actually checked in the path of civilization by the fringe of higher civilization which has been spread along its edge. Civilization and barbarism have been brought into the closest contact with one another, without either distinctly gaining the upper hand. The barbarian has been checked in his calling as destroyer; the civilized man has been checked in his calling of enlightener. The barbarian has not been able, as in lands further to the east, to force his way through the line of civilization which has hemmed him in; nor has the civilized man been able to force his way over the mountain barrier which has doomed the lands to the east of it to an abiding state of at least comparative barbarism. The old Illyrian became the subject of the Roman; his land became the highway and the battle-field of the Goth; his name and race and tongue were swept away or driven southward by the Slave. The Slave again has been brought into bondage by the Turk. But, during all these changes, the cities and islands, Greek, Roman, Venetian, or Aus-

trian, have remained outposts of civilization, fringing a mainland which has always lagged behind them. And at two periods again, difference of race and language, difference of higher and lower civilization, have been further aggravated by difference of religion. That the land has long been a debatable land between the Eastern and Western Churches is not all. Dalmatia has twice been a border-land of Christendom itself. The Slavonic immigrants of the seventh century were heathens; some of them long remained so. In the tenth century one Dalmatian district, the Narentine coast between Spalato and Ragusa, together with some of the neighboring islands, bore the significant name of Paganía.\* The heathen settlements gradually grew into Christian kingdoms, but a later revolution changed those Christian kingdoms into subject provinces of the Mussulman. As once against the heathen, so now against the Turk, Dalmatia became one of the frontier lands of Christendom. At some points the Christian fringe is narrow indeed; at two points it is altogether broken through. The mountain wall whose slopes begin in the streets of Ragusa fences off the land of the Apostolic King from the land where the choice of the Christian lies only between bondage and revolt. And at two points of the inland seas of Dalmatia, one of them fittingly within the bounds of the old Paganía, the dominion of the misbeliever reaches down to the Adriatic shore itself.

The Dalmatian shore itself is therefore pre-eminently a border-land; but in that character it only carries out in a higher degree the character of the mainland which it fringes. The whole of Illyricum is, and always has been, in some sort a border-land. Its character as such is emphatically marked in the geography of the transitional days of the Roman empire. In that great division into prefectures which formed the groundwork of the somewhat

\* The Emperor Constantine Porphyrogennétos, from whose works, "*De Thematibus*" and "*De Administrando Imperio*," we get the fullest account of Dalmatia and the neighboring lands, as they stood in the tenth century, defines (cap. 30, p. 145 of the Bonn edition) the limits of Paganía with great accuracy. It is the region of the famous Narentine pirates, and takes in the present bit of Turkish territory at Klek.



later division of the empire into East and West, the name Illyricum has two meanings. There is the Illyricum of the east, which has strangely spread itself southwards so as to take in Macedonia, and that in a sense in which Macedonia takes in Greece. There is the Illyricum of the west, which in like manner stretches itself northwards, so as to take in a large part of the lands between the Danube and the Alps. Of the western Illyricum, the Dalmatian coast forms a part; and it should be noted that the line between eastern and western Illyricum is drawn nearly at the point which separates the modern Dalmatian kingdom from the Ottoman province of Albania. That line is not an arbitrary line. The point at which the continuous, or nearly continuous, dominion of Venice stopped is one which is clearly marked in the coast-line. At that point the coast, which so far stretches in a slanting direction from north-west to south-east, turns in a direction nearly due south. North-east of that point, Venice was mistress of the whole coast, save only the dominions of Ragusa and the two points where Ragusa had deemed that the crescent of Mahomet was a less dangerous neighbour than the lion of Saint Mark. In the possession of that coast, the Austrian archduke and Hungarian king has succeeded the two seafaring commonwealths. The dominions of Venice had not always ended at that point. South of it she had at different times held a dominion, sometimes larger, sometimes smaller, both among the islands and on the mainland. Even down to her fall, besides her possession of Corfu and the other so-called Ionian islands, she still kept one or two detached points on the mainland. But the point of which we speak, the point so clearly marked on the map, was the end of that abiding and nearly continuous dominion in which the Apostolic King has succeeded her. That point, once the frontier of the Eastern and Western Empires, is now the frontier of the Slave and the Albanian; that is to say, it is the boundary of the land within which the Slave thoroughly and permanently supplanted the old Illyrian whom the Albanian represents. The same point was, till the foun-

dation of the modern Greek kingdom, actually the end of Christendom along those coasts. And though the birth of that new Christian State makes it no longer the end of Christendom, it still is—for the two points of Turkish coast at Klek and Sutorina are hardly worth counting as exceptions—the beginning of Islam and the end of continuous Christendom. North-west of that point we are still in the borderland of eastern and western Europe; south of it we are undoubtedly in the eastern division. While the Dalmatian coast itself has been as it were an outlying piece of the West thrown out on the eastern side of the gulf, the mainland to the back of it shares, in a less degree, the border character of the coast itself. The whole land along the Danube and its tributaries, from the border of Rætia to the border of Thrace in the later sense, was all Illyricum in one sense or other of that ambiguous word. It has been within them, as a great border-land, that the greatest fluctuations to and fro have taken place between West and East in their various forms; between the Teuton and the eastern Slave; between both and the Magyar; between the Eastern and the Western Church; between both and the pagan and the Mussulman. The old Rome strove hard for the spiritual dominion of the Bulgarian; she won the spiritual dominion of the Magyar. Of this last papal triumph we see the political results at this moment. Magyar and Catholic Hungary, called on by her geographical position to be, as of old, the champion of Christendom, cannot bring herself freely to cast in her lot with her Slavonic and Orthodox neighbours. The Orthodox Slave has sometimes deliberately deemed that the rule of the unbelieving Turk was less to be dreaded than the rule of the Catholic Magyar. The orthodox Slave, placed on the borders of so many political and religious systems, has become the subject, sometimes of the western Cæsar, sometimes of the Hungarian king, sometimes of the Venetian commonwealth, sometimes of the Turkish sultan. His independent being, which once took a form which promised to become the dominant power of south-eastern Europe, is now shut

up in the little principality on the Black Mountain, that gallant outpost of Christendom, where the border character of the whole land and its people, gathered as it were together on the very march of Christendom and Islam, stands out more clearly than on almost any other spot of the Illyrian land.

We may thus set down Illyria as a whole, in all its senses, except perhaps that widest sense of all in which it takes in Peloponnésos, as being at all times essentially a border-land, and the Dalmatian coast as being the part in which its character as a border-land comes out most strongly. The whole land, and especially the Dalmatian part of it, was a land which had cost Rome much trouble to win, but which, when won, became one of those parts of her dominion which had the greatest share in fixing her own destiny. It was through Illyria that Rome first made her way to Macedonia and Greece. It was in warfare with Illyria that she gained her first Hellenic allies or subjects. In the fourth century the Dalmatian coasts and islands had been studded with Greek colonies. The northern Epidauros, the parent of Ragusa, and the island cities of Pharos and Korkyra the Black, had been planted, some of them, strangely enough, under the auspices of the tyrant Dionysios.\* These spots, some of them famous in later times, and even in the wars of our own century, show how far the borders of the Hellenic world had now extended themselves, since the days, better known to most of us, when Epidamnos had been the furthest outpost of Hellas in those lands. In the next century, Skodra on the mainland and the island post of Issa became the strongholds of the Illyrian kingdom of Argón and Teuta, and Illyrian pirates became the dread of the Greek and Italian ports. One Greek of the Hadriatic islands, Démétrios of Pharos, has won for himself, by a series of treasons, a prominent place in the history of those times. In the interval between the first and second Punic wars, Rome broke the power of the pirate queen. She received Epidamnos, Apollônia, and the elder Korkyra as her allies or subjects, and her ambassadors were admitted within the pale of Hellenic religion and

Hellenic culture by the formal right of sharing in the Isthmian games. Rome thus became a power east of the Hadriatic; but it was not till a later generation, not till Rome was already great in Spain and in Asia, that Illyrian allies or subjects were directly incorporated with her dominion. Things had then changed. Roman protection was fast changing into Roman dominion. Macedonia, once the enemy of Greece, was now her bulwark, and Illyria was the ally of Macedonia. The overthrow of Perseus, the partition of the Macedonian kingdom, carried with it the overthrow and dismemberment of his Illyrian ally, and the kingdom of Gentius, the kingdom of Skodra, became a part of Rome's dominion beyond the gulf.\*

It is now that Dalmatia first comes into sight as a land with a distinct being. Dalmatia revolted from the rule of Gentius, to become a separate power, whose conquest was a far harder work for Rome than the overthrow of the kingdom from which it had split off. It was not till after more than a hundred and fifty years of intermittent warfare, warfare in which Roman defeats alternated with Roman triumphs, it was not till after the Christian era had begun, that the last Dalmatian revolt was put down by the arms of Tiberius, under the auspices of Augustus. The whole of the borderland, from the frontier of Italy to the frontier of Hellas, was now admitted to the bondage and the repose of the Roman peace; one part of the land, the Istrian peninsula, was formally taken within the bounds of Italy. The coast was now fringed with Roman cities, admitted to the rights of Roman municipal life, and striving to imitate the mighty works of Rome herself. Pola, under her new name of Pietas Julia, reared her amphitheatre beside her harbor: she crowned her hill with her capitol, and adorned her streets and her forum with the temple of Augustus and the arch of the Sergii. Zara, Jadera, on her peninsula, became a Roman colony, and reared the arch and the columns which still survive among the more stately memorials of later times. Salona, on her own inland sea, with her own archipelago in front of her, with her mountain wall rising above her shores, became the greatest city of the Dalmatian coast, and one of the greatest cities of the

\* Black Korkyra, now Curzola, was a colony of Knidos, and Pharos, now Lesina, a colony of Paros. See Strabo, vii. 5 (vol. ii., p. 104). For the help given to the Parians in this colony, and for his own colony of Lissos, see Diodoros, xv. 13. This is Lissos on the mainland, not the modern Lissa, the island Issa which figures in the war between Rome and Illyria (see Polybios, ii. 8, 11; xxxii. 18). Epidauros is not mentioned so early, but its name and the worship of Asklepios speak for themselves.

\* The earlier Illyrian war is recorded in the second book of Polybios. Appian has a special book on the Illyrian wars. In him (chap. xi.) we get our first notices of Dalmatia as such: the name is not found in Polybios. There is also a shorter notice in Strabo, which has been already referred to.

Roman world. The land was now Roman; its chief cities were Roman colonies. In due time all its inhabitants, along with the other inhabitants of the Roman world, were admitted to the name and rights of Romans. And now it became clear that the Illyrian provinces, and the Dalmatian coast-land above all, had received a special and important mission in the history of Rome and of the world.

It was in the second half of the third century that the Illyrian lands began to show themselves as charged with the special work of providing external champions and internal reformers for the empire of which they formed a part. When all distinctions were broken down, when all the men of the Mediterranean lands were alike Romans, when the purple of the Cæsars became a prize open to every soldier who was enrolled in the Roman legions, it was from the Illyrian lands that Rome drew the greatest of her emperors. And it was from the special Dalmatian land that she drew the emperor who was to begin a new order of things, to establish her empire on a new footing, and to leave behind him on his native Dalmatian shore the most abiding monument of Roman magnificence and Roman art. By this time all regard for special Roman birth had long passed away. The feeble tradition of hereditary succession which had once prevailed, and which was one day to prevail again, had fallen into abeyance. No lasting hereditary dynasty had ever been founded. The divine stock of the Julii, the seed of Aphroditë and Anchisës, had been kept on only by successive adoptions which admitted Octavii, Claudii, and Domitii to the rights of the sacred house. The Sabine Flavii lasted but two generations. Under the adopted family which began with Nerva, the bounds of Italy were passed, and the dominion of Rome reached its greatest extent under the Spaniard Trajan. A series of desperate attempts were made to continue at least the name of the Antonines, among princes who neither came of their blood nor represented them by any legal adoption. A fictitious succession was thus carried on till the fall of Alexander Severus and the elevation of the first Maximin. The throne was now open to "every barbarian peasant of the frontier." \* So it was till one barbarian peasant found himself so safe upon the throne that he could dare, like Sulla, to lay aside his

power, and even to withstand every prayer which called on him to take the burthen of empire again upon his shoulders. Through the whole of the time when emperors followed each other so fast, and when, amidst all confusions and treasons, so many found their way to the throne by undoubted merit, it was among the barbarian peasants of the Illyrian frontier-land that Rome found her most valiant defenders and her wisest rulers.

The first of the barbarian emperors came indeed from the lands east of the Hadriatic, but from a province which no stretch of geographical license can bring within the limits of the land with which we are dealing. The first Maximin, born in Thrace, sprung, as it was said, of a Gothic father and an Alan mother, finds no place in our Illyrian series. His reign is simply a sign that old distinctions were broken down; though it would seem that the character of his reign caused a reaction which left its mark in the choice of the more strictly Roman emperors who again followed him for a while. The line of emperors whose places of birth can be placed within Illyria in the wider sense begins more worthily with Decius. His birth in Pannonia brings him, in the laxer geography of the age, within the Illyrian border, and he stands forth as the first of the long line of champions of the Roman dominion against the Goth.\* The series which begins with Decius ends with Belisarius and Narses. The long list of the defenders of Rome takes in men from every province and of every race, till in Belisarius the championship has come back, not indeed to the same race, but to the same corner of the world. The work which has been begun by the Illyrian, perhaps by the Roman settled on Illyrian soil, was carried on by the Spaniard and the Vandal, and ended by the Slave and the Persian. But before Rome received her last Illyrian Cæsar, the days came when Valerian was led captive before the throne of Sapor, and when the Roman dominion was split in pieces by those endless pretenders, tyrants in the Roman sense of the word, who, by a somewhat forced analogy, reminded men of the Thirty at Athens. Out of this anarchy and chaos men once more came from the lands between the Danube and the Hadriatic to win again the lost provinces of Rome, and to drive back her Teutonic invaders. The Gothic Claudius won his surname from the first

\* "Decius Sirmiensium vico ortus." Aurelius Victor, Cæs. 29. "E Pannoni inferiore, Bubalæ natus." Epitome 29.

\* Gibbon, vol. i, chap. vii. p. 287. Ed. Milman.

great check given to the Gothic enemy on the battle-fields of Dardania and in the passes of Haimos. His fasces and his mission passed to one whom the Illyrian lands might more distinctly claim as their own than either of the two imperial champions whom they had as yet sent forth. Decius and Claudius at least bore Roman names, and boasted, truly or untruly, of Roman descent. But Aurelian, no man doubted, was sprung of peasant blood in the Danubian lands, and drew his Roman *cognomen* from the Roman patron of his father. The exact place of his birth is variously fixed, but all accounts place it at some point or other of the land whose duty as a border-land was then to be the march of the Roman against the Goth.\* Whether he was Pannonian, Dacian, or Mæsan, all those lands come within the wide sense of the Illyricum of those days; all come within the march-land of East and West. Perhaps from the banks of the Save, perhaps from a more southern point of the same region, came the man who won back Gaul from Tetricus and Palmyra from Zénobia, who drove back the Alemannic invader from Italy, and who girded Rome herself with the walls which still surround her. But the man who girded Rome with her new walls was also the man who withdrew the power of Rome from the lands beyond the Danube. The Dacia of Trajan was surrendered by Aurelian. The surrender of Dacia and the fortification of Rome were alike signs of the change which had come over the world since Trajan's day. The days of conquest are now past. The victories of Rome are now won only to defend or to secure old possessions, not to annex new ones. When Italy lay open to German invaders, when Rome had again to fight for her being on the old battle-ground of Hasdrubal and Nero,† it was vain to dream of defending Roman outposts on the Dniester and the Carpathians. Rome herself, not the empire but the city, now needed bulwarks for her own shelter. And those bulwarks were given her by the Illyrian who had won his way to the purple from the lowest ranks of her army, and who, on the throne of her empire, could recall the memory of the best worthies of her commonwealth. Aurelian, who had recovered alike Gaul and Syria, joined the laurels of Cæsar to the laurels of Pompeius. Men spoke of

him as a stern and even a cruel prince; yet, in the moment of victory, he could imitate the clemency of Pompeius rather than the cold-blooded cruelty of Cæsar. The conqueror, in the car of the Gothic king, was drawn by his four stags up the ascent to the capitol. But in the triumph of Aurelian, as in the triumph of Pompeius, none turned aside to the right at the point where the ascent began. The magnanimity which had no place in the soul of the divine Julius had a place in the soul of the peasant's son of Sirmium. As Aurelian went up to offer his thanksgiving to the gods of Rome, no captive was led aside to the Tullianum to share the fate of Caius Pontius and of Vercingetorix.

Among the many competitors whom Aurelian had to strive against was one who arose in the Dalmatian land itself. But Septiminius, who perished by the hands of his own followers,\* was but the emperor of a moment, not a serious rival, like the ruler of Gaul and the queen of the East. And the Dalmatian land, along with the rest of Illyricum, might well rejoice to have given Rome a prince whose name lives alongside of the name of the later heroes of her commonwealth, and even alongside of the name of the best beloved among her ancient kings. He who traces out the changes which successive ages have wrought in the aspect of the local Rome finds two names which everywhere form his landmarks, the name of Servius and the name of Aurelian. The walls, the gates, the mighty temple of the Sun, were gifts which one great Illyrian left in the city of his empire. We feel that we are drawing near to the times when an Illyrian greater still left monuments no less famous, alike in the city of his empire and in the land of his birth. But, before we reach those days, the Illyrian land had yet to give Rome two more heroes. Aurelian died by the hands of soldiers who were misled by lying tales, and who presently repented of the deed. Then came that strange interregnum which seemed to recall the earliest mythical days of the Roman State.† The throne of Aurelian stood vacant, as legends said that the throne of Romulus had stood vacant. Aurelian had in truth given such new strength to his government that the machine could work for a while after the hand of the reformer was taken away. For a moment soldiers and senators were at

\* His different alleged birthplaces are collected in his life by Vopiscus in the Augustan history.

† "Juxta anmem Metaurum ac fanum Fortune," says the Epitome which bears the name of Aurelius Victor, 35. Cf. Gibbon, vol. ii. chap. xi. p. 25.

\* Aur., Vict. Epit. 35. "Hujus tempore apud Dalmatas Septiminius Imperator effectus, mox a suis obtruncatur."

† This is Gibbon's remark, chap. xii., vol. ii. p. 57.

one; for a moment Rome was again ruled by a Roman; in the person of Tacitus the emperor of the army seemed to have made way for the prince of the Senate, the chief magistrate of the Roman commonwealth. But in those days there was work to be done which called for the sword of the emperor rather than for the fasces of the princeps. Aurelian had won back the dismembered provinces, and had cleared Italy of barbarian invaders. But the undying enemies of Rome were still busy on her borders. The German was still threatening on the Rhine, and the Persian on the Euphrates. To meet them, the arms of the warriors of Illyricum were still needed. After the short reign of the Roman Tacitus, Probus, another son of the warlike border-land, won back the Rhenish cities from the Frank, and girded the empire itself with walls, as Aurelian had girded the city. We see indeed that, when Probus found it needful to put a physical barrier between the Frank and the Roman province, the true power of Rome was gone. The Frank was the advancing, the Roman was the receding power. It was no longer a question of adding new provinces to the empire, but of guarding, by whatever means, the provinces which Rome still kept. Still the frontiers had to be guarded, and it was from Illyricum that the men came who guarded them, the men who gained fresh triumphs for Rome, if only in defending her borders. The triumph of Probus, the costly and bloody shows which marked his victorious return, live in the gorgeous rhetoric of the English historian of those times, and form one of the chief of the many memories which gather round the walls and arches of the Flavian amphitheatre. Another military sedition deprived Rome of another champion. But the revolution which overthrew Probus passed on his sword to Carus. Of doubtful birthplace, but boasting of his Roman descent, Carus is, with less certainty than Aurelian or Probus, but still with some probability, enrolled in the number of the Illyrian Cæsars.\* As Probus had renewed the fame of Drusus on the Rhine and the Elbe, so Carus renewed the fame of Trajan on the Euphrates and the Tigris. He died, men said, like the mythical Tullus, by the stroke of the thunders of Jupiter; and the reigns of his insignificant

sons paved the way for the rise of the man who was to rule the world which his predecessors had won back for him, and to leave his memory forever on the shores of the land of his own birth.

In Diocles, Diocletian, Valerius, Jovius, we have reached the climax of our imperial series. Not greater perhaps in himself than some who went before him, he has left a deeper personal impress than any other name on our list, alike on the polity and on the art of Rome. Alike in polity and in art, his successors carried on his work and applied it to uses of which he never dreamed. But it was from him that the first creative impress came. We speak, and in some senses we speak with truth, of the first Augustus as the founder of the empire. But of the empire as an avowed sovereignty, of the empire which passed on, under so many forms, to the Greek and to the German, who alike boasted of their Roman heritage, Diocletian was the true founder. Earlier princes had wielded the fasces of the magistrate and the sword of the general. It is not absolutely certain whether it was the peasant of Salona who was the first among the rulers of Rome to bind his brow with the diadem which grew into the imperial crown of Charles and Otto. But the glory or the shame belongs either to the peasant of Salona or to the earlier peasant of Bubalia.\* But it is certain that Diocletian was the first to organize the complete system of a despotic court and a despotic government. Step by step the first magistrate of the commonwealth had grown into the sovereign of the empire. At the bidding of Diocletian all disguise was cast aside,

\* The Epitomis (35) distinctly says of Aurelian: "Iste primus apud Romanos diadema capiti innoxuit, gemmisque et aurata omni veste, quod adhuc fere incognitum Romanis moribus visibatur usus est." But in the Cæsars (39) it is said of Diocletian: "Quipe qui primus ex auro veste quaesita serici ac purpure gemmarumque vim plantis concupiverit. . . . Namque se primus omnium post Caligulam Domitianumque dominum palam dici passus et adorari se appellarique uti deum." Here the diadem is not distinctly mentioned. But there is a clear allusion to its use, seemingly as something contrasted with the older consular and triumphal ornaments, in the Panegyric of Maxentius to Maximian (Pan. Vet., ii. 3). "Trabeæ vestrae triumphales et fasces consulares et sellæ curules et hæc obsequiorum stipatio et fulgor et illa lux divinum verticem claro orbe completens vestrorum sunt ornamenta meritum pulcherrima quidem et augustissima." So Eutropius (Hist. Miscell., x.; Muratori, i. 70): "Et si imperio Romano primus regis consuetudinis formam magis quam Romanæ libertati innoxerat adorari se jussit, cum ante eum cuncta imperatores ut judices salutarentur. Ornamentum gemmarum vestibus calceamentisque indidit." The whole subject is fully discussed by Gibbon, chap. xiii. Even if the diadem had been used before, there is no doubt as to the systematic organization of the despotic system under Diocletian.

\* Gibbon decides in favor of the Illyrian Narbona, that is, Narona. *Ναρδωνα* seems to be a mere corruption in the text of Ptolemy; but the form used by Eutropius, "Narbona natus in Gallia," is an equally incorrect form of the Gallic Narbo. But Aurelius Victor (Cæs. 39) speaks of Carus as born "Narbône."



and the fact that the Roman world had a master was openly revealed to the eyes of men. Was it in pride, was it in policy, that the son of the freedman decked himself with titles and ornaments which earlier princes of pure Roman, and even of divine, descent had never dreamed of taking to themselves? When we look to the whole career and character of the man, we may be sure that it was not pride but policy which dictated the change. No man ever showed fewer signs than Diocletian of having his head turned by unexpected greatness. There was nothing about him of the insolence of the upstart, nothing of the vanity which delights in the mere show of gewgaws and titles. The latest acts of his life seem quite inconsistent with the notion that he took that kind of delight in the mere symbols of power which has been a kind of madness with smaller minds. Like Sulla, he loved power; but, like Sulla, he could lay power aside. Sulla indeed was the champion, not of himself, not of any dynasty, but of an aristocratic party. In him therefore that love of the external badges of power which distinguishes Cæsar from him would have been utterly inconsistent. Sulla indeed wielded more than royal power; but he confessedly wielded it only for a season, till he could do a certain work; when he had done that work, he laid aside the power which he had grasped as the means of doing it. The case was different with Diocletian. He too, like Sulla, was clothed with power more than royal; but it was a power which, though still veiled under republican forms, was no longer only wielded for a season. Yet the two men were alike in this, that both could calmly and deliberately lay aside power. Diocletian could even deliberately decline to take it up again when he had the chance.\* That he could do so seems to show that his assumption of the outward badges of power was, in his position, as much the result of a calm policy as Sulla's contempt of them had been in his widely different position. But Diocletian could not only lay aside power: he could, when he laid it aside, go back to spend the rest of his days in the land where he had dwelled before he rose to power. Augustus, Augustus no longer, could fix his resting-place on the very spot where men might still remember him as the freedman's son. The man who could do this must surely have been far above any paltry delight in feeling the fillet of East-

ern royalty upon his temples, or in having his ears tickled with the sound of *numen* or *æternitas vestra*.

The truth seems simply to be that a man of strong and vigorous mind, who had risen wholly by his personal merit, whose birth and earlier life would not fill him with any special reverence for Roman traditions and constitutional fictions, perhaps felt a real dislike to shams and disguises as such, and at any rate saw that the time was come for shams and disguises to be cast aside. The emperor had practically become master of the commonwealth. Everybody knew the fact. Diocletian simply proclaimed what everybody knew, and proclaimed it by means of those symbols and badges which to a large part of mankind were the most intelligible means of proclaiming it. Pretence was cast aside; reality stood forth avowed. Why then, it may be asked, did he not, while taking to himself the badges of kingly power, also take to himself the kingly title? The first Cæsar had longed for it; why should not Diocletian bear it? Two reasons stood in the way, either of which alone would have been enough. The Romans were by this time well schooled to slavery. They were used to a master, and they felt no unwillingness to acknowledge him as a master. But there is some reservation in all such cases; there is always something, some name, some formula, which the slave himself will not bear. For eight hundred years the Romans had cherished a kind of superstitious hatred for the kingly title; the sound of the monosyllable *rex* was hateful in their ears. They could bow to a lord; they could worship a godhead on earth; but they would not acknowledge a king. That there really was this superstitious dislike to the mere word *rex* is plain from the fact that, while the derivatives of *rex* are freely applied to the belongings of the emperor, the word itself is never applied to himself.\* This being so, a wise despot would humor the superstition. While he proclaimed his real despotism in every way that was not offensive to his subjects, he would forbear to proclaim it in that particular way which, whether reasonably or unreasonably, was offensive to them.

But this was doubtless not all. *Imperator, Cæsar, Augustus*, had once been humbler descriptions under which the reality of kingly power could lurk without ostentatiously displaying an unpleasant

\* See Aurelius Victor. *Epitome* 39. Zōsimos, ii. 20.

\* For instances, see "Comparative Politics," 161, 449.



truth. The *imperator*, the general of the commonwealth, had veiled his power under the titles of the commonwealth. But the usage of three hundred years had made *imperator* a greater title than *rex*. Kings were plentiful; the chief of every barbarous nation was a king. But there was but one emperor; at least there was but one state which was ruled by emperors. The imperial power might be divided among two or more imperial colleagues; but the title, and the power and dignity which the title implied, was peculiar to the Roman world. A king was chief of a nation; at most he was lord of some defined portion of the earth's surface. But Cæsar Augustus was not the chief of a single nation; he was the lord of the dominion in which so many nations had been merged, the dominion which professed to know no limits but those of the civilized world. Cæsar might rule from the ocean to the Euphrates, and he might be equally at home in any corner of his dominion. A Roman king would have seemed to be shut up within the narrow seat of the Tarquinii; he would be at home nowhere but in the old home of Romulus on the Palatine hill.

Salona then gave Rome and the Roman world a lord, a lord who did not shrink from avowing his lordship; but she did not give them a king. And she gave Rome and the Roman world a lord who was the first to grasp the fact of the changed relation in which Rome now stood to the Roman world. The local Rome had become the victim of her own greatness. Now that the whole civilized world was not only Roman but Rome,\* now that her outposts were not on the Janiculum and the Pincius, but on the Rhine, the Solway, and the Tigris, the hills by the Tiber were no longer suited to be the dwelling-place of the prince who had to guard those outposts against the Pict, the German, and the Persian. The fact was plain; it was but a short part of their reigns that any of the later emperors had spent in Rome. But Diocletian was the first who ventured openly to act according to the new state of things, and definitely to establish the ordinary dwelling-place of the Roman Cæsars elsewhere than at Rome.† It

may be also that he felt that his avowed despotism would be more in place on some other soil than on a spot like the ancient capital, round which the old republican traditions and memories still gathered. At all events, he saw the real state of the case, and he proclaimed it without disguise. The magistrate of the Roman city stood forth before mankind as the master of the Roman empire. The whole of that empire was alike his; his throne might be fixed in any spot which the interest of the empire, or even the caprice of its master, might dictate. And the spot where his presence was most called for was certainly no longer in the ancient capital. But Diocletian grasped and avowed yet another truth, that the empire had become too vast, its frontier too extensive, its enemies too many and too dangerous, for any one man to do the duty of its guardian. The man who decreed that the Roman state should be most truly a monarchy, was also the man who decreed that it should be a monarchy no longer. The man who was in some sort the founder of the empire, was also the man who took the first step towards dividing that empire in twain. The burthen of ruling the world was too heavy for a single pair of shoulders, and Diocletian chose himself a colleague to relieve him of part of the weary task. Another soldier from the Illyrian land was called to be his fellow-worker. The imperial brethren of this new order of things, Diocletian and Maximian, were, as the voice of the panegyrist told them,\* to be as Romulus and Remus, without the jealousy of the royal brethren of the old order of things. From a city of Hellenized Asia and a city of Romanized Gaul, from Nikomèdeia and from Milan, the brother Augusti were, like Roman consuls or Spartan kings, to guard the dominions which the gods had committed to their care. From the gods whom they worshipped they took new titles. The father and founder of the new system, the organizer, the ruler, the devising and ordaining spirit of the empire, took his name from the father of gods and men, and Salona might rejoice when her imperial son was honored, not unfittingly, with the proud name of Jovius. The colleague whom he had called into being, the stout soldier, the arm of the empire while Diocletian was its brain, might well bear the name of the most renowned of deified heroes, and Maximian,

\* Mamertinus, Pan. Vet., ii. 13. "Licet nunc tuum tanto magis imperium quanto latius est vetere pomærio, quicquid homines colunt."

† It is clear that some jealousy was thus awakened in the old capital. This comes out in several passages of the Panegyrics. See ii. 13, iii. 12. So Lactantius, if it be Lactantius (De Mort. Pers., 7), "Ita semper dementabat Nicomediam studens urbi Romæ cœquare."

\* This idea is drawn out at great length by Mamertinus, ii. 13, iii. 7. He specially points out "non fortuita vobis est germanitas sed electa."

under the name of Herculus, was enthroned by the side of his Olympian, or rather Capitoline, chief.\* Jovius by the shores of the Propontis, Herculus at the foot of the Alps, could better guard against dangers from the east and north than if they had dwelled, like their mythical fore-runners, on the Palatine and the Aventine. The old phrase of the "Gaulish tumult" had won to itself a new meaning in the insurrection of the Bagaudæ,† and the Rhine and the forts beyond it were found to be a feeble defence against the German. Maximian overthrew both enemies, and came back to listen to the voice of the panegyrists in their special home by the Mosel.‡ Yet the long line of threatened frontier needed nearer guardians still. Jovius watched from Nikomêdeia, while Galerius guarded the possessions of Rome on the Danube, or marched forth at the bidding of his father and master to win back from the Persian the provinces which Hadrian had surrendered to the Parthian. Herculus meanwhile watched from Milan, while Constantius kept his court at York, in the island which he had won back from her so-called tyrants.§ Four men, all sprung from the lands between the Danube and the Hadriatic, bore sway over the Roman world, and seemed to bring back the past days of Roman dominion and Roman conquest. Illyria gave the world its rulers;|| and the chief of all, first in rank and fame, the guiding spirit of the councils and armies of his colleagues whom he had created, was he who had come from the special Dalmatian land, and who went back to his old home when the task of ruling the world had become a burthen too grievous to be borne.

To that home let us follow him, to the

\* So Mamertinus (ii. 11), addressing Maximian, says: "Etiam quæ aliorum ductu geruntur, Diocletianus facit, tu tribus effectum." So Aurelius Victor (39) says of the other emperors: "Valerium ut parentem seu Dei magni susceperant modo." And afterward: "Valerius cujus nutu omnia gerebantur."

† See Aurelius Victor, 39. Gibbon (ii. 117, ch. xiii.) aptly compares the Bagaudæ to the Jacquerie and the revolt of the villains in Richard the Second's time.

‡ Of Trier, as a special home of the panegyrists, we spoke in our former article, "Augusta Treverorum."

§ Carausius, Allectus, and the rest were of course technically tyrants, as Diocletian might have been if he had failed; but it must be remembered that Diocletian and Maximian found it convenient to accept Carausius as a colleague.

|| Aurelius Victor (Cæs. 39) remarks specially: "His sane omnibus Illyricum patria fuit, qui quamquam humanitatis parum, ruris tamen ac militiæ miseriis imbuti, satis optimi reipublicæ fuerunt." So Mamertinus, Pan. Vet., ii. 2. "Commemorabo nimirum patriæ tuæ in rempublicam merita? Quis enim dubitat quin multis jam sæculis, ex quo vires illius ad Romanum nomen accesserint, Italia quidem sit gentium domina gloriæ vetustate, sed Pannonia virtute?"

"long Salona" of Lucan,\* the city stretching so far along the shores of its own inland sea. The old Illyrian fortress, with its Roman suburb greater than itself, with its walls, its theatre, its amphitheatre, its city of tombs without the walls, all that now lies in a mass of shapeless ruin, then stood in all the greatness and prosperity of the foremost city of the Hadriatic coast. The rushing Jader made its way into the gulf on one side of her; in front was the isle of Bua, guarding the entrance of her haven, an Euboia yoked to the mainland by the city and bridge of Tragyrion.† Behind was the height of Clissa, guarding the mouth of the pass which seems to lead from the gentle shore of the inland sea to a wild and unknown land beyond the mountains. At no great distance from this his native city, but on a spot which did not come within sight of it, Diocletian built the house which, when Salona had perished, was to grow into a city in its stead. A rugged hill, a promontory between the gulf of Salona and the main sea, forms one horn of a smaller bay washing one shore of a small peninsula. It forms also a wall between Diocletian's native city and the spot which he chose for his dwelling-place. Fast by the bay, with the high mountain at his back, with the lower hills on each side of him, Diocletian built his villa, his palace, of Salona. The prouder name, the name which savored of the Rome which Diocletian had forsaken, claved to the spot, and the city which in after ages grew up within the *palatium* of Diocletian still bears the name of Spalato.‡ The city of Romulus had become the palace of the Cæsars, and the palace of the abdicated Cæsar became the city which supplanted his birthplace. The splendid remains of that palace, the long portico rising from the sea, the golden gate and its meaner fellows, the pillared court, the temple, the mausoleum, so strangely changed into a church,§ and

\* Lucan, iv. 404.

"Qua maris Hadriaci longas ferit unda Salona, Et tepidum in molles Zephyros excurrit lader."

† The island city of Traù figures as *Τραγύριον* as early as Polybios (xxxii. 18). Constantine Porphyrogenētōs (De Adm. Imp., 29, p. 138) gives a curious description of it by the name of *Τετραγγοριν*.

‡ Constantine, in the same chapter, describes Spalato as τὸ Ἀσπαλιθὸν κἀστρον ὅπερ παλιτίον μικρὸν ἑρμενεύεται, ὁ βασικεὺς Διοκλητιανὸς τοῦτο ἐκτίσεν: ἐλθε δὲ αὐτὸ ὡς ἴδιον οἶκον, καὶ αὐτὴν οἰκοδομήσας ἐνόησεν καὶ παλιτία. He adds, ἐξ ὧν τὰ πλεῖονα λατελίθησαν.

§ There can, we think, be little doubt that the metropolitan church of Spalato was really designed as a mausoleum, and not, as it is commonly called, the Temple of Jupiter. Constantine's account is curious,

grouped with it is the noblest bell-tower of its own type, have all been described and engraved and commented on over and over again. We speak of them now simply as part of the work of the great Dalmatian emperor, as the work which he reared in his own land, and which, alone among his works, has survived, in a nearly perfect state, to tell us how great a revolution he wrought in the domain of art, as well as in the domain of polity. Diocletian was a great builder in all parts of his empire, and the cost of his buildings was set down by his enemies among the grievances of his reign.\* Among other places he did not forget the ancient capital, and the baths which still bear his name were among the most gigantic works that Rome herself could show. Other buildings at Rome have been more utterly swept away; few have been more cruelly mangled by later architects. But there is reason to believe that Diocletian's work at Rome displayed the same great advance in construction which we can still study in its perfection in his work at Spalato. What Diocletian did in the way of art is the exact counterpart of what he did in the way of polity. In his artistic, as in his political creation, he cast away disguises and proclaimed realities. Hitherto a Greek mask had concealed the Roman body; the arch, the true feature of Roman construction, hid itself behind Greek disguises. In the peristyle of Spalato the arch stands out, for the first time among existing buildings, as the main feature of a great artistic design. It has pressed the slender shafts and gorgeous capitals of Corinth into the service of the great constructive invention of Italian skill.† In the buildings of Diocletian, as in his political constitution, the main feature of the fabric stood out before all men as the

work of one who, whether as builder or as ruler, felt that the strength within him needed no disguise, no fiction, whether legal or artistic.

Spalato is unique among cities. In some sort indeed it may rank as a member of the same imperial series as Trier and Ravenna. All indeed are links in a chain; all are among the memorials, Spalato the eldest among them, of the days when Rome, in her days of seeming decline, was really doing her work among the nations. But Trier and Ravenna were imperial cities, seats of government, homes of the actual rulers of mankind. Men called the house of Diocletian a palace; but it was in strictness a villa, a country house, not the seat of rule, but the home of the man who had withdrawn from ruling. Constantine reigned at Trier; Theodoric reigned at Ravenna; but Diocletian, at Salona, lived in the enjoyment of dignified ease, and bade those who would have had him go back and reign again to look at the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands.\* Trier and Ravenna are the memorials of an epoch; Spalato is the memorial of a single man. No emperor ever ruled the world from among the arches of the great peristyle. If the palace was ever the seat of rule, it was at most the seat of local rulers of Dalmatia only. Among the stately columns of its court, under the cunningly wrought cupola of its mausoleum, we think of Jovius, and we think of Jovius alone.

Yet in the home of Diocletian there is another thought which cannot fail to thrust itself on the mind. The man who gave a new birth and a new life alike to the power and to the art of Rome stands branded in history, as history is commonly read, as the most cruel of all the enemies of the faith of Christ. And, though the fact is one which has been not a little colored by partisan writers, yet the fact of Diocletian's persecution is not to be denied. Still there is no doubt that Diocletian himself was not the chief mover in the matter, that the persecution was primarily the work of Maximian and Galerius. It needed much urging on the part of the subordinate emperors before Jovius himself consented even to the first and less severe edict, that which, while treating Christianity as a crime and laying its professors under many disabilities, still touched no

ἐστὶ τὸ ἐπισκοπεῖον τοῦ κύστρου καὶ ὁ ναὸς τοῦ ἁγίου Δόμνου, ἐν ᾧ κατέκειται ὁ αὐτὸς ἅγιος Δόμνος, ὅπερ ἦν κοῖτις τοῦ αὐτοῦ βασιλέως Διοκλητιανοῦ. Either κοῖτις must mean tomb, or else the word points to some confused tradition as to the real object of the building.

\* This point is strongly insisted on by the author De Mort. Pers., 7.

† It is curious to read Gibbon's comment (chap. xiii., vol. ii., 176), on the palace of Spalato, as shown in the splendour and accurate work of Adam. "There is room to suspect that the elegance of his designs and engraving has somewhat flattered the objects which it was their purpose to represent. We are informed by a more recent and very judicious traveller that the awful ruins of Spalato are not less expressive of the decline of the arts than of the greatness of the Roman empire in the time of Diocletian." For this he refers to Fortis, an useful writer in his way, but who looked at the building with the eye of classical pedantry, and saw only decline in the greatest advance that architecture ever made. Gibbon clearly admired; but he seems to have thought that it was the wrong thing to admire.

\* The well-known story is told by Aurelius Victor. We have somewhere seen Diocletian, by a cruel confusion with Domitian, represented as spending his leisure in killing flies.

man's life on the score of his faith.\* The second and harsher edict, the beginning of the actual persecution, was not put forth until Diocletian had some direct grounds for suspecting the Christians of distinct disloyalty to his throne. No blood was shed by his order, or even with his consent, till his milder edict had been torn down by a zealous Christian, and till he was, truly or falsely, made to believe that the burning of his palace at Nikomédeia was the work of Christian hands.† Then the persecution raged indeed, and a prince whose rule had hitherto been marked by singular mildness won for himself a name of evil. Even one of his successors could forget the reverence due to a founder, and could, on the bare mention of Diocletian's native land, burst forth into declamations against the wickedest of mankind.‡ Now the persecution of Diocletian is remarkable from two points of view. It would have been in no way wonderful if Diocletian had been a persecutor of his own free will. Both Christianity and religious freedom must grapple as they can with the fact that, as a rule, the bitterest persecutors of the Church were found, not among the worst emperors but among the best. It was under Trajan that Ignatius was thrown to the wild beasts; it was under Marcus that the martyrs of Lyons suffered their torments; it was under Valerian the Roman censor that Cyprian died by the sword of the headsman. On the other hand, under princes like Commodus and Antoninus Caracalla the Church had peace, and even some measure of imperial favor. The days of persecution began when the days of reform began again; Decius was a persecutor as well as Diocletian. The cause of this seemingly strange phenomenon has often been pointed out. Princes who were bent on restoring the old laws and discipline of Rome could not fail to be bent on restoring her religion also. The worship of the gods of Rome was part and parcel of the very

being of the Roman State, and it was deemed that he who was false to Jupiter and Quirinus could not be faithful to the prince who was high pontiff no less than emperor.\* Add to this that the peasant-emperor from Illyricum, to whom all that was Roman had the charm of wonder and novelty, no doubt accepted the creed of the empire with far more of living faith than either the patricians or the philosophers of Rome herself. If then Diocletian had from the beginning appeared as a persecutor like Decius, it would have been nothing but what one would have looked for in the ordinary course of things. The wrath of Jovius might have been expected to light in all its fulness on the enemies of Jove.

But we are met by the fact that Jovius was not a persecutor by his own act, that he was driven into persecution by the goadings and artifices of others, and that, in the first instance, against his own better judgment. The inference seems hardly to be escaped that the same far-seeing eye which could pierce through so many prejudices and traditional beliefs could also see the great truth which in after days was grasped by Valentinian and Theodoric, and a glimpse of which had made its way, in some lucid interval, into the mind of the frantic Caius. The saying of this last prince, mad perhaps, but very far from stupid, that those who did not own him as a god were rather to be called unhappy than wicked,† does indeed express, in a ludicrous shape, the same doctrine of toleration which the great Goth or his minister clothed in the guise of a more decorous formula.‡ We are strongly tempted to think that Diocletian, left to himself, fully understood the vanity of religious persecution, directly as religious persecution. We may believe that he would have left Jove to defend his own honor, had he not been made to believe, with at least some show of probability, that those who dishonored Jove were conspiring against the life and throne of Jo-

\* Even the author *De Mortibus Persecutorum* (11) is distinct on this head. Galerius works on the mind of Diocletian for a whole winter: "Diu senex furor eius repugnavit, ostendens quam perniciosum esset inquietari orbem terrarum, fundi sanguinem multorum; illos libenter mori solere, satis esse, si palatinos tantum ac milites ab ea religione prohiberet. Nec tamen deflectere potuit præcipitis hominis insaniam." He is only brought round by a direct message from Apollo.

† The story is told by the writer *De Mortibus*. In his account the fire is got up by Galerius.

‡ *Const. Porph.*, *De Them.*, ii (vol. iii., p. 57, ed. Bonn). *ἡ δὲ Δαλματία τῆς Ἰταλίας ἐστὶ χώρα, ἐξ ὧν περ ἐβλάστησεν ὁ πῦρ ἀντὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἀνοσιώτατος καὶ ἀσεβοστάτος βασιλεὺς Διοκλητιανός.* He is more civil in the work *De Administrando Imperio*.

\* Aurelius Victor (*Cæs.* 39), who does not mention the persecution, who indeed does not mention Christianity at all, unless it lurks under the words, "supplicis flagitiosi cujusque," says of the reign of Diocletian, "veterrime religiones castissime curate." The motives of the persecution are clearly put forth in the last edict of Galerius. He sought "juxta leges veteres et publicam disciplinam Romanorum, cuncta corrigere, atque id providere, ut etiam Christiani, qui parentum suorum relinquerant sectam, ad bonas mentes redirent." Presently he complains that "tanta eodem Christianos voluntas invasisset et tanta stultitia occupasset, ut not illa veterum instituta sequerentur." (*De Mort. Pers.* 34.)

† The story is told in *Merivale*, v. 411.

‡ See our former article on the Goths at Ravenna.

vius. Diocletian might have despised personal danger no less than the dictator Cæsar; but the man who had organized the imperial system anew could not brook aught that struck at the power or dignity of the imperial throne. What Galerius urged in fanaticism Diocletian at first withstood through policy, and afterwards accepted through policy. Diocletian's persecutions of Christians had in truth not a little in common with our own Elizabeth's persecutions of Papists. To Roman Catholic doctrine and ceremony Elizabeth seems to have had no theological objection whatever; nor does she seem to have been at any time inclined to religious persecution as such. But the Papist often was, and might always be said to be, a conspirator against the queen and her kingdom. She had heard mass without scruple at two periods of her life, and she would most likely have had no kind of scruple against hearing it again. But when the mass had become the badge of Popery, and Popery had become the badge of disaffection, then the religious act was itself made a crime, a crime which brought on the criminal, not the penalties of the spiritual guilt of heresy, but those of the temporal guilt of treason.

Such a persecutor then was Diocletian, a persecutor not from fanaticism but from policy, a persecutor who would not have interfered with Christian doctrine and Christian worship, if he had not been made to believe that the organization and the objects of the Christian society were inconsistent with the safety of his empire. And, at least while sojourning, whether in the flesh or in the spirit, on Dalmatian ground, we may be allowed to think that somewhat hard measure has commonly been dealt out to the mighty one of Salona. God forbid that we should defend or palliate persecution in any man or in any age. But let even justice be done. Trajan was in some measure a persecutor; Marcus was so in a far greater measure. Yet Christian writers do not let the fact of their persecutions interfere with a general admiration for the character of Trajan, with a more than general admiration for the character of Marcus. Surely any excuse that can be found for the mild philosopher, in whom we might have looked for some fellow-feeling for a moral system so nearly akin to his own, applies with tenfold force to the peasant-soldier who had risen to the throne by the sheer force of his personal greatness. If, in the case of Trajan and Marcus, merit of other kinds is allowed to be set in the scale against

the guilt of persecution, we may fairly ask, at least while we stand on his own ground, that the same judgment of charity may be extended to Diocletian also.

Thus much, and no more, may we venture to plead in mitigation of the dark stain which rests on the fame of the man who withdrew from the rule of the empire to which he had given a fresh life to seek for rest in his chosen home by the Dalmatian shore. And withal the triumphant faith might boast that, even in his lifetime, the work of Diocletian was undone. The counsel of Jovius, the arm of Hercules, could not avail to root up the creed which was before long to be pre-eminently the creed of their own empire. Diocletian, like Julian, might have said with his dying breath, "Galilæan, Thou hast conquered." For ten years the Sulla of the Church had withdrawn from persecuting and from ruling. For ten years he had paced that stately gallery which looked forth on the sea, the hills, the islands, which had been familiar to the eyes of his childhood. For ten years he had gazed on the matchless peristyle of his own rearing; he had prayed to the gods of Rome in the temple on his left hand; he had looked — with what faith or hope we cannot guess \* — on the cupola on the right, girt with surrounding columns, where his own ashes were to rest. In the course of those ten years another emperor, sprung, if not from his own Dalmatia, at least from Illyria in the wider sense, had arisen at once to finish and to undo his work. Constantine had come to cement yet more firmly his fabric of despotic rule; but he had come also to take the faith which Diocletian persecuted into close partnership with the polity which Diocletian founded. He had come to take his great artistic invention as the model of new temples of that hated faith, to supply the place of its earlier temples which Diocletian had swept from off the earth. In those ten years Constantius had reigned in our own island, and Constantine had gone forth from York to Trier, and from Trier to Rome. The persecutor Maxentius had fallen by the Milvian bridge, and his mighty basilica by the Sacred Way had learned to bear the name of his conqueror.† The persecutor Galerius, he who had goaded the unwilling Diocletian to deeds

\* Sulla in his retirement looked forward to a paradise, and that not a sensual one; how much more might Diocletian.

† Aurelius Victor, *Cæs.* 40. "Cuncta opera quæ magnifice construxerat (Maxentius), urbis fanum atque basilicam, Flavii meritis patres sacravere."



of blood, had confessed his error, and had joined with Constantine in proclaiming toleration for the Christian faith, in asking Christian prayers for the safety of the empire.\* All this Diocletian lived to hear of: he lived too to see his order of succession set aside; he lived to see his images overthrown:† according to some accounts, he lived to receive yet deeper wounds in his dearest relations. It is certain that the daughter of the abdicated emperor, herself the wife of his successor, that Valeria in whose honor a province had been named,‡ was persecuted and put to death by the successive malice of Maximin and of Licinius. Certain it is that the man to whom so many princes owed their greatness lived to be treated with scorn by men who owed all their power to him, and to ask in vain for a milder treatment of his own guiltless child. But there seems no need to add the tragedy of his wife to the tragedy of his daughter, and it would seem that the last act of the drama was delayed till after Diocletian's own death.§ The manner of his death is uncertain; but there is at least no need to believe that the halls of Spalato beheld the end of their founder by his own hand.|| As far as we can see, the first rites of mourning within the mausoleum of Jovius must have been the rites which were paid to the memory of Jovius himself. And, when he had passed from earth, the highest honors of his own creed still followed him. Never before, so the men of his time remarked, had a pri-

vate man — and Diocletian at Spalato had again become a private man — been enrolled among the number of the gods.\*

The empire to which Diocletian had given a new life passed to Constantine and his house. The last persecution and the peace of the Church came alike from Illyrian hands. And, unlike as was the work of the two on earth, the complying polytheism of Rome placed Constantine no less than Diocletian among the objects of its worship. The elder Constantius, before he reached imperial rank, had practised the art of government in the Dalmatian province, and the name of his son Dalmatius would seem to mark an abiding love for his former dwelling-place. And now, in the hands of Constantine himself, the arts which Diocletian had planted by the Dalmatian shore were to make the artistic conquest of Rome and of the world. The palace of Spalato was no longer the dwelling-place of even an uncrowned Augustus; but the forms of its peristyle, the columns of Greece taught to support the arches of Rome, were now reproduced, as trophies wrested from a fallen faith, on the Cœlian hill, on the site of the gardens of Nero, and beyond the walls of Aurelian. The forms of Diocletian's palace were now used to show how vain was Diocletian's boast that he had swept away the faith of Christ from among men. The peristyle of Jovius is the immediate artistic parent of the churches of St. John Lateran and of St. Paul without the Walls.† As we stand among the columns of Spalato, the likeness to a Christian basilica is so strongly forced upon the mind, that it is hard to believe that they always were as they still are, pent in by no wall, covered by no roof. Both the two great forms of Christian architecture are alike trophies won from the enemy. Wherever we see the round arch, from Rome to Kirkwall, we see the spoils of the court of Jovius. Wherever we see the pointed arch, be it at Palermo or at Westminster, we see in the same sort the artistic creation of the Saracen, barren on its own soil, but taught to bear the loveliest of fruit on Christian ground.

But the part of Illyria, of Dalmatia, of

\* De Mort. Pers., 34. "Juxta hanc indulgentiam nostram debebunt deum suum orare pro salute nostra, et reipublice ac sua."

† De Mort. Pers., 42. Constantine destroyed the pictures and images of Maximian. "Et quia senes ambo simul pierumque picti erant, et imagines simul deponerantur amborum."

‡ Aurelius Victor, Cæs. 40. "Cujus gratia provinciam uxoris nomine Valeriam appellavit." She was married to Galerius, and the province called after her was part of Pannonia.

§ There seems no reason to doubt the story told by the writer De Mortibus, 39, 40, 41, 50, 51, how Valeria, the daughter of Diocletian and widow of Galerius, on refusing to marry Maximin, was persecuted by him and banished to the deserts of Syria, that Diocletian's intercession for her was fruitless, and that she was at last put to death by Licinius, which must have been after Diocletian's death. But we see no reason to think that her mother, Prisca, the wife of Diocletian, was involved in the same fate. The writer indeed says in chap. 51, "Comprehensa cum matre penas dedit." But this is surely explained by the words in chap. 40: "Erat clarissima femina . . . hanc Valeria, tanquam matrem alteram diligebat, cujus consilio negatam sibi suspicatur [Maximinus]." It is this adopted mother who was the partner of her sufferings; the wife of Diocletian, if she was alive, would surely have been safe at Spalato.

|| According to the Epitome, 39, "Morte consumtus est ut satis patuit, per formidinem voluntaria." So Eutropius. The author De Mortibus makes him die for grief at the destruction of his statues; but stories of death by poison are always doubtful.

\* This is the remark of Eutropius, Hist. Miscell. x. (Muratori, l. 70.) "Contigit igitur ei, quod nulli post natos homines, ut cum privatus obisset, inter divos tamen referretur." He had just before said, "Diocletianus privatus in villa quæ haud procul a Salonis est præclaro otio senuit."

† In both these churches the columns support arches throughout. In the old Saint Peter's the main range of columns supported an entablature, as in Santa Maria Maggiore, but the smaller ranges supported arches.



Salona, in the history of the Roman world, was not yet over. The house of Constantine passed away; but another Illyrian house—for Valentinian was of Pannonia—stood ready to step into its place. It was again from the lands between the Adriatic and the Danube that the champion came who was once more to check the German from his palace at Trier, and to carry the Roman dominion within our own island further than Agricola himself had carried it. And if Valentinian himself, in his equal dealing between Christian and pagan, between Catholic and Arian, might seem a forerunner of Theodorich and Akbar, his son was to serve the new faith much where Constantine had served it but a little. Gratian refused to be pontifex maximus—some said that, in that case, Maximus might be Pontifex; he took away the altar of victory from the Roman senate-house, and some said that in her wrath she forsook the Roman eagles. The house of Valentinian was merged, by female succession, in the house of Theodosius; but now an imperial marriage brought back the crown once more to an Illyrian born. The name of Placidia carries us back to Ravenna; but her second husband, Constantius, the successor of her nobler Goth, came from the same land, and had risen to honor by the same paths, as Claudius and Aurelian.\* But before Illyricum had thus given Rome a third Constantius, more akin to the first than to the second, she had already begun to show her character as a border-land between the two great divisions of the empire. In the partition of the provinces between the sons of Theodosius, Illyricum in the wider sense was divided between the two, and the exact extent of the borders of each became a subject of dispute, if not between the two puppet emperors themselves, yet at least between their ministers. And the land showed its border character in another way. It was the marching-ground of Alaric, as he passed to and fro between the great cities of the elder world, in those inroads when men deemed that Athênê and Achilleus scared him from the walls of Athens,† but when neither god nor hero nor Christian saint could scare him from the walls of Rome. Before long, a glimpse of independent being was given to the Dalmatian land. Instead of giving Cæsars to Rome and Ra-

venna, she was for a moment ruled, if not by her own Cæsar, at least by her own patrician on her own soil.

The dynasty of Valentinian, as continued by Theodosius, the dynasty of Theodosius as continued by the later Constantius, had not died out before Dalmatia, as a land, held for a time a more important place than she had ever held since the Roman conquest. Marcellian, patrician of the West, flits like a shadow across the confused history of the fifth century. He appears as the ally of either empire, as the friend of Aëtius and Marjorian, as the foe of the vandal at Carthage, as the victim of allies whom his discerning enemy affirmed to have, in slaying him, used their left hand to cut off their right. But he concerns us as the lord of Dalmatia, who in the land of Diocletian, most likely in the house of Diocletian, brought back again the worship which Diocletian had lived to see, not indeed proscribed, but brought down from its exclusive place of power. Marcellian, says one of the fragments from which his history has to be patched up, was in faith a Greek.\* Now that the Greek, like all other subjects of the empire, knew no national name but Roman, the name of Hellên was used only in the sense in which we are familiar with it in the New Testament, to mark a votary of the falling heathen creed. It is said that, before his day, the palace of Jovius, with no Augustus to dwell within its gates, had already been put to meaner uses. As the entry in the *Notitia Imperii* is commonly understood,† it had become a manufactory of female weavers; but we can hardly conceive a prince who ruled over Dalmatia fixing his throne anywhere else but in the house of Diocletian. And Dalmatia was yet to give one more emperor to Ravenna. When Marcellian died, his nephew Nepos still kept his hold on his Dalmatian lordship. From Dalmatia he crossed, by the authority of Zeno, to supplant Glycerius on the western throne, and to cause his deposed competitor to exchange the imperial throne of Ravenna for the episcopal chair of his own Salona. Among the ruins of that city we still trace the ground-plan of a basilica and a bap-

\* The story of Marcellianus or Marcillinus comes from the fragments of Priscus, 156, 157, 218. Prokopios, *Bell. Vand.*, i. 6. Damascius ap. Photius, 342, ed Bekker. It is from this last writer that we get the proverbial saying, which is also applied to the death of Aëtius, and the singular description of Marcellian as *Δαλματών ἢν χώρας αὐτοδύσποτος ἡγεμὼν*, "Ἕλλην τὴν δοῦσαν."

† "Procurator Gynæcij Joviensis Dalmatiæ Aspalato," is the entry in the *Notitia Occid.*, chap. x., p. 43.

\* So says Olympiodôros (p. 467, ed. Bonn). *Ἰλλυριὸς ἦν τὸ γένος, ἀπὸ Ναισὸν πόλεως τῆς Δακίας*; that is, Aurelian's Dacia, south of the Danube.

† See the well-known story in Zôsimos, v. 6.

tistry, the see of the second ex-emperor whom Salona received after a voluntary or constrained abdication. Strange indeed is the contrast between Diocletian withdrawing of his own will, and Glycerius withdrawing at the bidding of his conqueror. Stranger still is the difference between the Church trembling under the edicts of Diocletian, and the Church whose great offices had risen to such a height of wealth and secular power that a bishoprick might be used to break the fall of a deposed emperor. But the Italian reign of the last Dalmatian emperor was short and stormy. When Orestes marched against Ravenna, Nepos again sought shelter in his own land, and then died, by the intrigues, so men said, of the fallen competitor whom he had so strangely turned into his neighbor and spiritual pastor.\* But this was not till the first empire of the West had passed away. Nepos, in his Dalmatian home, lived to see the patrician Odoacer dwelling in the palace of Ravenna, in name the lieutenant of the single emperor at the New Rome, in truth the first of the Teutonic lords of Italy.

Of the end of this separate Dalmatian principality of Marcellian and Nepos we have no record. But the border-land of eastern and western Europe soon again plays its part in the great strife by which Italy and Rome were won back to their allegiance to the translated Roman dominion. Dalmatia passed under the rule of Theodoric, and, when he was gone and the Gothic kingdom had lost its strength, it was the first part of his dominions to come again under the imperial power. The capture of Salona by Mundus was the first success, its loss was the first failure, of the imperial arms in the great strife between Goth and Roman.† Won back again to the empire, the city played its part as the great haven of the Hadriatic through the whole of the Gothic war. It was from Salona that Narses set forth on that last expedition which was to bring that last long struggle to its end.‡ Taken and retaken, half ruined and restored, Salona still kept its place among the great cities of the earth, and men in after times believed that the circuit of its walls had once taken in a space equal to one half of the extent of New Rome.§ The sixth

century in truth seems to have been a time of special prosperity for the cities of the eastern Hadriatic shore. But it was the last bright day before the final storm fell upon them. The revolution was at hand which was wholly to change the face of the world south of the Danube, and to give those lands settlers who have formed the main part of their inhabitants down to our own day. In the sixth century the Slaves began those incursions into the lands east of the Hadriatic, which were carried far to the south of the Dalmatian border, which for a while caused Peloponnēsos itself to be spoken of as a Slavonic land.\* While the armies of Justinian were going forth to win back provinces in Africa, and Spain, and Italy, the Slavonic invaders were traversing the eastern peninsula at their will, and carrying the fear of their presence to the gates of Constantinople.† In the next century the policy of Heraclius gave them a permanent settlement in the lands where they still dwell; ‡ and from that day the Dalmatian cities have been what they still are, outposts of Roman Europe, fringing the coast of a Slavonic land. But with the Slave came the more terrible Avar, and the seventh century beheld the fall of two of the ancient cities, the rise of two of the modern cities, which stand foremost in the history of the Hadriatic coast. Jadera, Diadora, Zara — such are the various forms of the name — lived through the storm. But long Salona became a forsaken ruin, and the old Hellenic Epidaurus was more utterly swept away from the face of the earth. For the homeless refugees of Salona a shelter stood ready hard by their own gates. They had but to cross the gentle hill which forms the isthmus of what we may call the Jovian peninsula, and the house of Jovius stood ready with its walls and gates, at once to take the place of the fallen city.§ As Salona fell, Spalato arose; the palace gave its name to the city, and itself became the city, as it still remains, within the almost untouched square of Diocletian's walls, the largest and most thickly inhabited part of the modern town. The peristyle of Diocletian became the piazza of the new city: his mausoleum became the metropolitan church of the new archbishopric.

\* So says the fragment of Malchos in Phôtios, p. 5. The whole story examined in the articles "Glycerius" and "Nepos" in the "Dictionary of Biography."

† Prokopios, Bell. Goth., i. 5.

‡ Ibid., iv. 26.

§ Const. Porph., De Adm. Imp., 29, pp. 126, 141.

\* Const. Porph., De Them., ii. 6, ἐσθλαβώδη πᾶσα ἡ χώρα καὶ γέγονε βάρβαρος. Cf. De Adm. Imp., 49, 50.

† See, among other places, Prokopios, Bell. Goth., iii. 29, 38.

‡ Const. Porph., De Adm. Imp. 29, pp. 128, 129. The imperial geographer's etymology is of the very strangest.

§ Ibid., p. 141.

And between the two buildings, a thousand years after the days of Diocletian, arose the great bell-tower which first strikes the eye as the voyager draws near to the bay of Spalato. Separated as it is by so many ages from the works of the first founder, it still shows, in artistic forms which so strangely harmonize with the buildings on either side of it, how deep and lasting was the impress which the genius of that founder stamped on all later works of the building-art.

For the fugitives of the fallen Epidaurus no such shelter stood ready. They had to seek a home for themselves, and to call into being a wholly new dwelling-place of man. Raousion, Ragusa, the city on the rocks, the city of argosies, now rose into being; and, by a strange turning about of names, a faint memory of Epidaurus is kept up under the name of Old Ragusa. The history of Roman Dalmatia may now come to an end. The maritime cities still clave to their old allegiance to the empire, but they clave to it only as Venice did on the opposite coast, as Naples did on the further sea. The land was now Slavonic; the old Illyrian was driven southward to press upon Epeiros and upon Attica; the Roman survived only in the scattered outposts of the maritime cities. It is not the Dalmatia of Diocletian or Marcellian of which the imperial geographer gives us the most minute of his topographical pictures. The Dalmatia of Constantine Porphyrogennetos is the Dalmatia which has gone on ever since. His description opens many passages of varied and stirring, if somewhat puzzling history, in which Slavonic, Hungarian, Venetian, and Turkish rulers dispute the possession of the border-land of East and West. On that history, so deeply connected with the events of our own day, we cannot now enter. Our subject is the Dalmatia of the emperors, and the Dalmatia of the emperors in truth comes to an end with the fall of Epidaurus and Salona.

E. A. FREEMAN.

From Good Words.

#### WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

#### AN UNWIFELY WIFE.

ARCHIE DOUGLAS did not speak till he had taken Pleasance out of the park gate

close to them. Then he asked her, in a voice the agitation of which he could no longer restrain, to what place he should direct the cab which he was about to call, as they could not speak together in the public streets.

Pleasance, in addition to her other sources of distress, had become painfully conscious that she had been wrong in approaching him in the park, and that he might have cause to reproach her for acting as she had done. She told him her address without resistance or reservation, and suffered him to put her into a cab and to enter it after her.

When they had driven off he leant forward and said, "Pleasance, is Mrs. Balls dead? Have you come to me?" and his voice was tremulous with feeling.

If Pleasance had cared to read his meaning, it might have been plain to her that her empire — widely removed from each other as she, as well as others, saw the two — could be restored by a single word. He was ready to forgive all the wounds inflicted on his pride and his love by her former obstinate rejection of him and of his penitence for having deceived her, and by her spurning the advantages which other women would have prized.

But Pleasance did not speak the word. She said, sadly yet firmly, looking down because of the anguish that tugged at her heart-strings when her eyes met his, while she remained resolute not to put upon him a burden that he could not bear, or subject herself to a trial which she should not know how to suffer, "I have not come because I wanted you, Archie, I have not come to stay."

He was repelled and thrown back upon himself. It seemed to him from her words that she was there in sheer perversity to expose their unhappy position, and to thwart and torture him.

"Then what is your business with me?" he asked, leaning back and folding his arms to endure, while his whole tone and manner changed in her estimation to those of the grand seigneur — a change which appeared to put a world of different experiences, different motives, different passions and prejudices, between him and Pleasance.

"Is our marriage known to your people?" she asked him, with the simple, courageous directness which nothing could daunt or turn aside, though her heart might be broken. "I can understand that it was a great mistake for you as well as for me; but, unfortunately, that does not help us to put an end to it, and since that is true,

the whole truth should be told. Don't you think so?"

She spoke quietly, so dispassionately as at once to chill and exasperate him.

"To stoop to concealment would not only be a great error which would increase every evil a thousand fold," she was remonstrating strongly, yet in a manner not entirely removed from that elder sister's or mother's fashion in which she had often spoken to him in happier circumstances — "it would be terribly unjust to others."

"To whom we are to serve as a warning, I suppose," he spoke with sharp irony. "Did you never think," he demanded, while a flush came over his face, "how you wrought to shame me, as you are doing this day?"

"No, no," she cried, in an agony of denial.

"Yes," he affirmed, with stern indignation. "Did you never consider how cruelly hard, well-nigh impossible, you made it for me to tell of the marriage to the friends to whom you would not accompany me, when we had quarrelled and parted on our very wedding-day?"

"Still, if it had to be told," she said.

"You may rest satisfied," he exclaimed, with the passionate scorn of himself and her into which he had worked himself. "To-night the foolish story will be over all London — all London that knows anything of me, and nothing of you."

He was thinking, while he spoke, of what had been to him the unapproachable attractions which had won him — ay, and which he was angrily conscious at this moment were as powerful as ever to subdue him.

"The concealment is at an end," he assured her; "but whether the end has been brought about with any regard to me and my share in the misfortune — whether I might not have been consulted, or even warned, as to the mode of the announcement — whether there might not have been some respect paid to my duty to my people, which would have led me to prepare them for the blow that must come unexpectedly upon them — I leave you to judge."

She listened half wistfully, half shrinkingly, to his hot taunts, and then she half rose. "Let me go," she implored him. "We are only making ourselves more miserable. Contentment between us can do no good, and is horrible. I thought we might have both seen what was for our mutual good — the best that can be for either of us — and consented to part, in a sort, friends. Since that is not to be — and

perhaps we had better never have met again — let us part now."

"So be it," he said moodily, motioning her back to her seat. "I shall rid you of my company, if this is all that you have come up from the country to say to me, after a whole quarter of a year has passed. Can it be," he cried, a new and more heinous offence suggesting itself to his excited imagination, "that you could suspect because I kept silence, driven to it by your own conduct, that I should be false to such vows, however fruitless? Have you grossly insulted me by believing that of me? Base enough to be even criminal — was that what you thought me?"

"No, so help me," she pledged herself solemnly and despairingly. "It is idle speaking, if you doubt my word," for he had made a gesture of incredulity; "but I did not believe it for an instant — I could not believe it, and I knew that, if the time ever came that you could be so miserable as to commit a great sin, it must have been your having had to do with me, your having suffered yourself to be beguiled into an acted lie, that could have tempted and driven you to the awful fall."

So far from being propitiated, the bare idea sent him nearly beside himself. "Pleasance," he said, uttering her name with fierce emphasis, "you have paid me back well for my error in imagining that you would be, after all, pleased to find that I had many advantages to lay at your feet, while I gloried, poor fool! in laying them there. In return, you have conceived me capable of such villainous treachery as it might drive mad the most miserable wretch bearing the name of man, only to be accused of."

"Oh! don't you see that we must part?" was all that she said in answer to his violence, writhing, and wringing her hands.

"As you will," he said, in sullen resentment, giving the driver a signal to stop, and then, as he opened the door, and was about to step out, half-blinded, into the tumult of the city, he realized that he was leaving her there unprotected, and far from her country village, with its familiar scenes and faces.

He turned round with his white, contracted face, from which the pleasant youthfulness had vanished, and said stiffly, "I am bound to see after your safety. You may think little of such an obligation, but as I am a man and gentleman, it weighs upon me."

She hastened to give him what relief

she could. "I am quite safe in a respectable inn close to the North-eastern Railway, which will take me home," she assured him eagerly, with a mixture of *naïveté* and sense. "You may inquire, if it will be a satisfaction to you," she added quickly.

It was as if she had said, "You are aware of the terms on which we stand. Our mutual inclination now, as well as your assurance when we parted, that you would not force me to fulfil obligations that I had entered upon without my knowledge, and to which I had no mind, will prevent you from attempting to alter these terms."

He bent his head, and leapt out on the pavement, disappearing the next moment among the passers-by, while the cab took Pleasance within sight of the Yorkshire Grey.

There entered into the old carriers' inn the most utterly jaded guest that Mrs. Tovey, the old landlady, had ever beheld return from sight-seeing. She refused all refreshments too, and shut herself into her little room, causing Mrs. Tovey and her daughter, who were knowing in their respectability, sundry qualms lest they should have been mistaken, after all, in their conclusions. They feared that this fine, open-faced, quiet-spoken country girl, who called herself simply Pleasance Douglas, though she wore something like a marriage-ring on her finger, might prove to be one of those reckless outcasts, who carry bottles of laudanum in their travelling-bags, manage to kindle charcoal in strange bedrooms, or slip out and contrive to throw themselves over one of the city bridges, and are brought back hideous, dripping heaps to await inquests.

But Pleasance merely sat down on a chair, and took off her bonnet to lighten her aching head, which she hung, as she clasped her hands on her knees, and moaned to herself.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### THE REPORT TO MRS. DOUGLAS.

"OH, mamma, something dreadful has happened!" cried Jane Douglas impetuously, and without any preparation, entering her mother's private sitting-room in the house in Grosvenor Square.

Mrs. Douglas's room was marked by studied simplicity, and some elegance in the white muslin of its draperies, the number of fine water-color paintings by good artists in water-colors, Frederick Walker, Fripp, and Thomas, which adorned it, and the perfume of lily of the valley and vio-

lets which pervaded it. To the daughter of the house it was the dearest, prettiest room in it, just like mamma herself, who was so true and kind, while yet thoroughly refined and very clever, far, far cleverer than Jane, and almost—Jane thought—than Archie. Yet Archie had taken his degree with fair credit, and had even been a prizeman one proud year, down at dear old King's, while he was considered a reading man, if only in a desultory, and not in a strictly classical fashion.

Jane herself, as she stood there in her riding-habit, was not at all like Archie, and was not so pretty for a woman as he was handsome for a man. Jane was like her father, the son of the Cumberland dalesman, the great manufacturer. Her complexion, instead of being dark, was very fair, with somewhat dead-colored flaxen hair of that shade called *gris cendré*, to which the French are partial. Her face had a certain squareness, her very teeth were square in their slight projection over the nether lip. It was a face that showed honesty and affectionateness with some character and will—yet to be developed, but had little that was *spirituelle* or imaginative. Any claims to beauty which Jane Douglas possessed, depended on the high-bred look of her perfect training, and on the attraction which *gris cendré* in hair has in itself to a considerable section of the community, in addition to the delicately fair complexion which usually accompanies it.

Mrs. Douglas, as she came into the room before Jane had time to speak to her again, was like her son, except that she was little for a woman, while he was at least middle-sized for a man. She had been a very pretty woman, with a dark, fine little face, bearing unmistakable marks of an impressionable and intellectually fanciful nature—and his not merely in the quick dark eyes, but in the sensitive mouth, with its short upper lip, the small peaked chin, the clearly-cut but slightly up-tilted nose with its flexible nostrils, the delicately pencilled flexible eyebrows, and the waviness and silkiness of the dark hair.

Mrs. Douglas, though she had a grown-up son and a daughter ready to come out, and though she had suffered from bad health—indeed perhaps because of that bad health—was still young-looking. For that matter she was one of those women who, never having owed anything to fresh and brilliant tints, and who retaining slenderness of figure, delicacy of outline, and



above all susceptibility of temperament, never do look old, and preserve far on in life the dainty, fascinating, personal charms. Doubtless this abiding youthfulness and mature loveliness were enhanced in Mrs. Douglas's case, by the fact that she was scrupulous in remembering the strict tale of her years, and the dignity of that advanced stage of matronhood which reckons a grown-up son and daughter as its chief treasures. She dressed in an exquisitely quiet, sober fashion, with lace hanging about her head, softly matching the few streaks of grey in her hair, and shading her throat, and in gowns of rich, soft stuff — silk, or cashmere, black or grey or lilac, smoke-colored or heather-colored. Her ornaments, which supplied all the brilliance that the still sparkling eyes and speaking features lacked to relieve the low tone of the picture, were rarely any other than a diamond-set locket containing her husband's hair, a bracelet with her children's portraits, and sapphire and opal rings, each, as she would tell, a cherished souvenir.

"You look heated, child, sit down and rest while you can," said Mrs. Douglas, in her sympathetic, slightly plaintive tones.

"Mamma," burst out Jane once more in her distinct, abrupt, rather highly-pitched, though well-modulated voice, "something terrible has happened."

"Good heavens, child, what? Nothing to your brother?" cried Mrs. Douglas, with a gasp, sitting down on the nearest seat, her hand on her heart, and growing very pale.

"I have frightened you, mamma," said Jane, remorsefully; "there is nothing wrong with Archie — with his health at least."

"What is it, then?" asked Mrs. Douglas, beginning to recover voice, breath, and color. "My dear, I thought you had more sense," she could not help adding, expecting to hear some cock-and-bull story of a girlish misadventure.

"Well, but, mamma, it is dreadful," persisted Jane, very seriously; "wait till you hear. Just as Archie and Rica and I had turned into the park on our ride, a woman came up so suddenly that she startled Lady Alice. Archie got down in an instant, I thought because he imagined that I was not able to manage for myself, but it seems the woman had business with him. A policeman wished to send her out of the middle of the Row, when, oh! mamma, Archie flew forward and prevented it, and called her his 'wife,' and 'Mrs. Douglas,' and went away with her, send-

ing us on with General Protheroe, who came home with us. Rica asked him to come in, but I could not, and I was so thankful when he refused."

Mrs. Douglas had sat astounded, confounded, till Jane's last words, when she exclaimed with energy, —

"Impossible, Jane, you are speaking nonsense. Archie may have said something frank and familiar, he is — well, peculiar in his ideas, dear fellow, and apt to be too confiding, and to think all the world as single-hearted and enthusiastic as he is himself. He may even have said something which sounded to you very friendly, for I am afraid he is rash and imprudent, and has encouraged absolute intimacy in unsuitable quarters; but, 'wife,' or 'Mrs. Douglas,' never, Jane, never."

"Indeed, indeed, mamma, I am not mistaken," Jane was not to be shaken in her testimony; "of course I thought my ears were deceiving me, or that I must be going mad, but I looked round and saw everybody with the same expression. And Rica heard it, too, you can speak to her, mamma."

"You must be wrong — you cannot fail to be wrong," said Mrs. Douglas, with gathering agitation, clasping her hands tightly together. "Did you know the woman? Was she young or old? What did she look like?"

"I hardly saw her, but I am sure she must have been a young woman, else she could not have stepped out so quickly, or ventured so near the horses' feet. I have an impression she would have been nice-looking, only she was very shabbily dressed, much more shabbily than Cobbes" (naming her mother's maid) "would have walked out."

Mrs. Douglas, in spite of her declared unbelief, could not restrain a groan. And where was the use of restraint, if Jane had heard what she believed she had heard? and more than that, she would never be put past believing that she had heard it?

"My poor, unhappy boy, if he has got into any miserable entanglement, such as I dreaded for him, so soon as I heard of his mad adventure, what can be done?" lamented his mother openly. "He has not been like himself since he came back and we went abroad. I have noticed his restlessness and his uncertain temper, very different from his old elastic spirits and cheery good-humor."

"But, mamma, it cannot be anything really bad," remonstrated Jane, "not in Archie. He has always been so good and



kind. You remember that his tutor said there was not a steadier, more blameless young fellow in his college, and we were so proud because we knew that it was true. And when he is the head of the house down at Shardleigh, with so many people looking up to him and flattering him—I know they do, because they flatter me sometimes, so that they must flatter Archie ten times more—he is not a bit spoilt. Mamma, when I asked Rica what it could possibly mean”—Jane paused, and her fair complexion flashed scarlet with the culminating injury of the day—“she made me furious. I understood what she meant, though I have not even had Rica Wyndham’s two seasons out—that Archie had done something wicked and shameful, which it was not for his sister and for other girls to hear. Mamma, how dared she say such a thing of Archie?” cried Jane passionately.

“My dear, you are worth a thousand Ricas,” said her mother, taking her daughter’s hands, drawing her face down and kissing it with a tender sigh. “Rica Wyndham is, for her age, the incarnation of worldliness. I could not understand what attraction, except that of reverses, drew Archie to her!” exclaimed Mrs. Douglas with a momentary shade of satisfaction rising to the surface of her speech, speedily to sink down again in her trouble. “But to learn a lesson from these worldly people, we must speak no more of this incredible, wretched story till I have talked it over with Archie. I must speak to him face to face on the subject; it is far too terribly serious a matter to be passed over.” She admitted, in a degree, the depth of her fear, even while she clung to her profession of incredulity. “There is no help for it.” Mrs. Douglas sighed and twisted the rings nervously on her taper fingers, while she looked round almost with timidity for the help that was not to be found.

“Why should you not speak to him face to face?” inquired the much bolder, unsophisticated girl; “it must be much the best plan, and what Archie would like best. If you had any fault to find with me, anything to call me to account for, I should greatly prefer you to speak to me myself, and at once.”

“There is a difference,” alleged Mrs. Douglas, half impatiently, half with a faint smile on her tremulous lips. “Archie is a young man, and the master of Shardleigh, as you say. He is his own master, though he is also my son, and he has already asserted his right to take his own

way in what he was so possessed as to regard his duty, poor, fatherless, romantic, imprudent lad,” observed his mother in a low parenthesis, in which there was a singular mixture of admiration and pity. “A young man will not brook to be taken to task like a girl; and the master of Shardleigh, though Archie is hardly conscious himself of the effect of his position upon him, is still less likely to bear being called in question and censured.”

“But, mamma,” urged Jane, returning to the charge, “even if Archie has been dreadfully foolish and wrong—since he ought to have consulted you—in marrying far beneath him, and in taking his wife from a humble station, to which, to be sure, papa once belonged, although it will be a great trial to us, and perhaps very disagreeable for a time, still it is not so very, very wrong, and beyond remedy. It is not as if he had done anything really bad, after which we should never have held up our heads again.”

It will be seen from this speech that Jane Douglas was still, and that more from character than age, not beyond the stage of an *enfant terrible*. In fact her honest, matter-of-fact brains were undisturbed by imaginative anticipations and comparisons. She had already cudgelled out the conclusion that, as mamma herself must have made in her day a decided misalliance, except, indeed, in the matter of the fortune which papa had acquired—still, if money made the chief difference between Archie’s case and that of his parents, then Jane, who had all her life been reaping the benefit of that money, as well as of her mother’s gentle descent, could not see that Archie had been so much more guilty than his elders.

“My dear Jane, you know nothing about it,” said her mother hastily, with her vexation beginning to get the better of her indulgence. “How should you, when you are a mere girl? I wish you would not say anything more to me about this matter. I know that you cannot help feeling keenly interested, and I appreciate your fidelity to your brother, my love; but you must leave me to meet him now. That is a trial enough in itself, and until I have got it over I cannot bear to discuss the subject even with you.”

Thus dismissed, Jane went to her own room, greatly perplexed, and a little aggrieved and hurt; for she, as well as Archie, had been spoilt. It was hard for her to realize that there were at last to be secrets even more momentous than Archie’s strange adventure among work-

ing-men, between the three who had once formed a united household; and also that her mother could dispense with her daughter's sympathy and support in a question that concerned both of them so nearly.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

##### TALKING TO ARCHIE.

It would have been a trial for any mother to meet her son and require from him the explanation that Mrs. Douglas had to require from Archie. It was a special trial for Mrs. Douglas, because she was, with many good qualities, always impelled to a cautious, vacillating policy. She had managed in this manner to lose her authority over her son, and even to shake his respect for her, while she had retained his affection. Yet she was like him in many respects, particularly in her love of giving pleasure, and her shrinking from giving pain.

Mrs. Douglas was not intentionally double-minded or hypocritical, but she had the misfortune to have stronger sympathies than principles. She was carried away by her impulses a great deal farther than she had fixed convictions to confirm her progress, and thus she was continually falling a victim to reaction, secretly retracing her steps, and seeking to balance her advances.

When she, the youngest daughter of a poor county family, had consented to marry a *nouveau riche* in the person of the great manufacturer, already the squire of Shardleigh, she had said with some amount of truth that she was not making a mere *mariage de convenance*. Her heart was in it. She was proud of the independence and energy which had enabled her husband to make his own fortune and found a family. She delighted in his plain, unaffected manliness.

Mrs. Douglas had enjoyed so much of a heart as to feel all this. But still it remained a fact that no woman had a livelier sense of the advantages of long descent and of generations of culture. She would never have renounced them for the sake of her husband, or become the wife of Archibald Douglas, the manufacturer, had he not also been the squire of Shardleigh.

And after Mrs. Douglas was the mistress of Shardleigh, though she avoided the bad taste of trying to sever her husband abruptly from his old business connections, and to set him at variance with his old friends, she made her delicate health, with the frequent necessity for her

wintering abroad, the excuse for withdrawing him more and more from trade and manufactures. She contrived that he should see less and less of the Lancashire comrades and their wives, to whom she had always been, when she did meet them, perfectly gracious. She had by no means relished, though her husband had lived in blissful ignorance of the dislike—which its entertainer had been too much of a woman even to venture to own in so many words to herself—the stories that Mr. Douglas had been in the habit of refreshing himself and regaling his children, by telling them. He had loved to dwell on his primitive early home, his mother riding to market with her farm produce, and his own boyish ventures in trading.

In accordance with her inconsistent character, Mrs. Douglas had at first admired and encouraged in her son the gracious sentiment of common brotherliness, the large development of charity, and that strain of a romantic, chivalrous temperament, which had led him to indulge in dreams of enterprise, and especially of reform for the old sinning and erring, but always hopeful and always to be rescued world.

She had drawn back when she saw, too late, the extreme direction in which Archie's tendencies were leading him—not to disquisition in Parliament, not to the trial of an allotment system, not to the furtherance of co-operation in trade, not even to the foundation of a Utopia; but to the absurd radicalism of establishing a practical acquaintance with men's needs and penalties, so as to enlighten himself by personal experience, and to establish a claim on his neighbor's confidence. And it was precisely where his mother stopped short that Archie Douglas went far beyond her.

To a woman like Mrs. Douglas the apprehension that Archie had clenched his alliance with the people by a low marriage, so utterly rash and ill-advised that even he recoiled from making it known, foreboded a terrible misfortune.

Yet she was sufficiently a good woman to have one comfort, though she had not acknowledged it to Jane—poor Jane! who was so presumptuous and silly in counting the cost. In her inmost heart she was proudly, almost tearfully, grateful for the knowledge that her boy, however fanatical and unfortunate, was out of the category and beyond the comprehension of a woman of Rica Wyndham's type. He was what his tutor had indicated as

pure-minded as his sister; he could look his own mother in the face where every other woman in the world was concerned. This consciousness was a thing to be devoutly thankful for, while it was also a thing to be taken for granted in relation to Archie. But it existed somehow so deep down in her nature, and so far apart from ordinary worldly considerations, that she could not bring it up and dwell upon it so as to be reassured by it.

That reference which Jane had thrown out in the innocence of her heart to her father's origin had done no good. Mrs. Douglas knew, none better, that with all her husband's attainments, with all the man's large liberality of heart, which nobody had been more ready to grant than she, and in spite of the extraordinary business talents which had given him a special kind of distinction and power, she had always had to contend with the results of his early disadvantages.

If Archie had been so left to himself, so possessed as to take, in the madness of the moment, a low-born, low-bred wife, who would compromise him for the rest of his days, that wife could not be compared to his father. There was little chance of redeeming qualities being found in her. And Mrs. Douglas was not singular in this condemnation of Pleasance unseen and unheard.

What could Mrs. Douglas conjecture with regard to her son's choice, of which he was already ashamed, but that she had been, at the best, some barn-door beauty—coarse, rude, and hopelessly ignorant and narrow-minded?

In addition to every other source of trouble, Mrs. Douglas was hampered and stultified by the peculiar relations existing between her and her son. She had always been on terms of familiar affection with him, yet at the same time she had long accustomed herself to deal with him in all grave concerns by deputy. She would employ such friends as Mr. Selincourt—and her winning ways enabled her to command many allies in the most unlikely quarters; or she would appoint Mr. Woodcock, the confidential family lawyer, to remonstrate with Archie on his eccentric theories and practices. She had very seldom, from his boyhood, taken it upon her to tax him with an offence, and bring him to confess and make the best of it, as she now proposed to do. Her usual line of conduct had been induced partly by an uneasy semi-consciousness that Archie penetrated what was false and hollow in herself, partly by the exaggerated impression

which she, a squire's daughter, held of the importance of her son's position as the young squire of Shardleigh, so that she could only treat him as a queen-mother would treat a reigning prince. But it had now become impossible to call in even the most honorable and trustworthy of councillors.

After Mrs. Douglas had given directions that her son should come to her immediately on his return to the house, her sensations, bodily and mental, were not to be envied. She sat growing chillier and chillier under her apprehensions, in her pretty, pleasant room which the sun had ceased to visit for the day, and where she had prevented a servant's coming to put fresh coals on the fire when she was about to hear Jane's story, so that the fire had been suffered to go out, and Mrs. Douglas could not have it rekindled lest Archie should enter in the middle of the process. Cold, watching, and trepidation were severe trials upon Mrs. Douglas's delicate organization, which had been cared for and petted in turn by parents, husband, and children.

Archie came straight home from his short interview with Pleasance, and went directly to his mother's room, when he was told that she wished to see him, as if he had been the most tractable son in England.

He knew, without the request which had been made to him, that she must have heard something, and she knew that he must be so far prepared. That was some relief. There was no room left for finessing and going about the bush, to bring him of his own accord to the point. She might have been prompted to that, but it would have required an exercise of self-control and tact to which she felt she was at this moment unequal.

It was sufficient for mother and son to look into each other's pale, agitated faces. Mrs. Douglas gave up the elaborate programme which she had been striving to arrange, and addressed the culprit with a tender reproach in place of a guarded accusation.

"Can it be, Archie, that you have been in trouble, and your mother has not known it?"

He was sensibly touched—all the more so that he had just been wounded and stung to the quick by what he regarded as the obduracy rather than the infatuation of Pleasance.

"It is true, mother, that your kindness, however much I may have tried it, has never yet failed me," he said, speaking as

much to himself as to her, sitting down on the couch beside her, even leaning his aching head for an instant caressingly against her shoulder.

"And it never shall fail you, Archie," said Mrs. Douglas, in one of her fervent asseverations. "But to enable me to help you, you must tell me what has happened."

"I mean to tell you all that there is to tell, and no thanks to me when I cannot withhold it any longer," said Archie directing a passing sarcasm against himself, "but don't press me too much, particularly as neither you nor anybody else can help me."

"Don't say so, my dear boy, only let me hear the truth. I am sure of the truth from you," she hastened to add, when she observed him wince, "and we shall see what can be done."

"Nothing can be done," he said again, gloomily. "When I went off to see for myself what working-folks were like," he began his story in haste, and with undisguised bitterness, "I went so far as to marry a working-girl without your knowledge. We were married in Saxford church, down in Suffolk. Selincourt saw it. He walked in by chance, just after the ceremony, which he left me to publish. But don't break your heart, mother," he interrupted his statement sardonically, and as if he were affording grim compensation for the ejaculation of distress which Mrs. Douglas could not restrain at this confirmation of Jane's account, and of her own worst fears, "she will not trouble you; she will have nothing to do with you and me — I have seen the last of her."

Mrs. Douglas drew back for the second time this day shocked and appalled. She had thought that the utmost which she had dreaded from Archie's extraordinary notions had come upon her, but she found that there might be more terrible evils to follow.

The solution of the difficulty which occurred to her, though it might eventually restore Archie's freedom, would be dearly bought, and was what Mrs. Douglas had not bargained for.

"Has it come to that?" she asked, scarcely knowing what she said in her dismay and grief, "that you have married a woman whom I cannot speak to, and whom you can never own? Oh! Archie, my poor, lost boy, you who were so good, how could you be so left to yourself?"

He started up in a passion of denial.

"Mother, are you out of your senses? or do you want to drive me out of mine?"

She was the nearest to perfection of any woman I ever knew. It was because she was too good for me that she gave me up. Mother, why are such good women pitiless in their intolerance?" he asked half wistfully, half wrathfully.

"His foolish infatuation is not extinguished, after all," thought his mother pityingly, and with a shade of scorn for which she might forgive herself, since it was very painful to her. Still she owned the sense of a hideous burden removed from her. His good name, the name of his father and Jane, which she, too, bore, would not be dragged through the mire. Nevertheless the strait remained a grievous and disastrous strait.

"I cannot understand you, Archie," she preferred to say in a safely ambiguous and — though she did not intend it — in a colder protest.

"I mean," said Archie impatiently, almost savagely, "that she, a working-woman, has no wish to be a lady — the less so that her father was a gentleman, since she had an awful experience in her youth of what a lady can do. She does not covet, she absolutely rejects, the distinction which such as you would grudge her. She married me as a working-man. It was without her knowledge and against her will that I sought to raise her to my position. She will not consent to be raised. She cannot pardon my presumption, and the deception of which I was guilty."

It was an extraordinary story, and Mrs. Douglas, who might have listened to it, and had a word to say for it, had it concerned any other than Archie, at once set on it the seal of disbelief which it was likely to receive from men and women of the world. Poor Archie! he was doubly taken in; he was just the fellow to have his confidence thoroughly abused. Of course the girl had known what she was about, and had seen through any flimsy disguise which the young squire of Shardleigh could think to assume.

Mrs. Douglas caught at the chance — something to break the blow, something to give time, a reprieve which might, she could not tell how, in the chapter of accidents, end by proving a deliverance.

She had already, while she was awaiting her son, taken the resolution, that if the suggestion of Archie's having made a secret low marriage should prove true — Mrs. Douglas knew only too well how fast such a disparaging rumor with regard to a young man in Archie Douglas's position spreads and establishes itself in London — then she would employ once more the excuse of

her delicate health, to give up for the present season the idea of bringing out the only daughter, for which she had been detaining Archie, against his inclinations, in town. He had been wishing to break loose and go down on his own account to Shardleigh, or to start off again to the ends of the earth, for anything that she had been able to discover. She had learnt the secret of his discontent. As it was, she would go down to Shardleigh herself. Jane was young, her coming out might very well be delayed, she would not mind it; anything would be better than for her to make her entrance into society with a cloud hanging over her brother.

In the mean time the cloud might pass, at least the story would grow stale. It was all very sad and painful, and doubly distressing when one considered how brilliant Archie's prospects had been!

Here was the opportunity for diplomatic temporizing which came so naturally and was so dear to Mrs. Douglas, not so much from inherent falseness as because she was radically weak in her cleverness.

Therefore Mrs. Douglas did not urge on Archie what, even according to her conception of the case, would have been the manliest and wisest course, reconciliation with his wife. She did not offer to become a mediator between them, with the end in view of supporting him by countenancing his wife, and making the best that was left to be made of a bad business. She acquiesced—all the more unjustifiably because in her ignorance and prejudice she had taken up an entire misconception of the facts—as if it were incontestable that his wife would not assume her place, and that he was parted from her.

Mrs. Douglas's solitary suggestion was, "If there is such incompatibility between you and the girl you have made your wife, as to require your separation, something must be done for her. You have given her your name, she cannot be allowed to go on working for her support, it would not be consistent with your honor, Archie."

"She is welcome to all I have, for that matter, but I do not see how she is to be got to take a fraction of it. You do not know her, mother," he said brusquely. He was secretly in a rage with his mother for not contradicting him, for not reminding him that marriage was binding and sacred, for not enjoining on him at least to try to be reconciled to Pleasance by all patient efforts to remove or lessen the obstacles between them, although he could not conceive that Mrs. Douglas's doing so would have been of any avail. In the

middle of his indignation also, there was a strange tormenting sense of absurdity in the idea, that his mother should be solemnly begging him to make a provision for Pleasance, because she bore his name, and because it would not befit his duty and dignity to leave her to her own resources, and to let her want. And all the time he would have laid his whole possessions at her feet, and she would not listen.

"Archie, don't you think that you had better send for Mr. Woodcock, confide all to him, hear what he will say, and get him to make some arrangement?" Mrs. Douglas said farther, anxiously and earnestly.

Archie was disappointed in his mother, but he had known what he had to expect, and the disappointment was not very deep. Besides, it was swallowed up in a greater disappointment. He was a little contemptuous as well as disappointed. "You may send for whom you please," he said ungraciously turning on his heel like the spoiled lad he had been, and putting a hasty end to the discussion which was gall and wormwood to him, "you may make what arrangement you think fit, I shall not interfere. There is her present address," and he put down a card on which he had written it, "only remember that she is not to be molested, or forced into any course that she does not choose, for any consideration with which I have to do."

There was nothing that his mother could have liked better, after the catastrophe which had befallen Archie, than this arrangement. "My dear," she said, with affectionate emphasis, "I shall do the very best I can for you, since you trust me in this sad affair. I shall not only seek to do what is becoming on your part" (forgetting that he had just forbidden her to consider him), "I shall strive to judge what is best for the poor young woman's welfare. You hear that I am not blaming her, Archie."

"Better not, mother," he turned when he was at the door to say sternly, "for this is not merely the ordinary story where both parties are to blame—only the man is the more to blame; all the blame is mine."

#### CHAPTER XL.

##### MR. WOODCOCK'S ROVING COMMISSION.

MR. WOODCOCK was not an old family servant of the Douglasses, seeing that the great manufacturer had raised himself, and hereditary family servants were inadmissible in what was only the second generation. In a sense Mr. Woodcock was a



servant to no man; he was a well-born, well-bred old lawyer, who was on perfect equality with all save the very highest of his clients. His father and grandfather before him had been law agents to the former owners of Shardleigh; and their valuable familiarity with its resources had rendered the agency an heirloom of the firm which every new proprietor was likely for his own sake to acknowledge.

Archie Douglas's father had gladly availed himself of Mr. Woodcock's assistance, and had been on cordial terms with him. Thus the agent had a double interest in Archie, who had grown up under his own eye, and to some extent under his guidance, both as the son of his friend and as the young squire of Shardleigh.

Mr. Woodcock had a sort of fatherly regard for both of the young Douglasses, but upon the whole he was fondest of Archie, though he put most dependence on Jane. He had also a considerable liking for Mrs. Douglas while enduring some amount of provocation from her, and while retaliating by laughing at her civilly and in his sleeve — processes of which the lady was naturally unaware.

Mr. Woodcock, in appearance hale, handsome, white-haired, and ruddy — more like a country squire himself than a city man — was an acute, practical, elderly gentleman, just turned sixty. He was not without a recollection of youthful aspirations of his own, which had not been strictly confined to the law-courts; and he had a humorous side to his nature, equivalent to an assurance of some amount of large-heartedness, however well kept in hand. He had heard many queer stories from clients in his day, and was prepared to receive any addition to his store without experiencing or expressing much surprise or emotion of any kind. It did cut him up a little that young Archie Douglas was the black sheep in this case; but Mr. Woodcock had already been in possession of premises which, according to his judgment, ought to have prepared him for the catastrophe.

Mr. Woodcock sat in Mrs. Douglas's room in the house in Grosvenor Place. He had been brought there for a very special private interview, and had heard her version of the story without interruption.

"So my friend Archie has gone and done it?" he asked, rather in a tone of regretful assent than as raising an objection, sitting nodding his head in distinct, emphatic nods.

It was a significant circumstance of the generation and of the people that neither

Mrs. Douglas nor Mr. Woodcock entertained for a moment the slightest suspicion of Archie's perfect sincerity in his marriage, however little satisfaction he might have derived from it, and however reluctant he might have shown himself to make it known. All the reference which Mr. Woodcock made to this point, was, that he should communicate with Selincourt, and take a run down to the parish of Saxford, in order to see that the marriage was duly attested, for where a man like Douglas of Shardleigh was concerned, his lawyer must be particular.

"Well, madam," Mr. Woodcock was saying, (he had an old-fashioned habit of addressing a lady as "madam"), "we might have expected it since those days when he would come off his pony in crossing Shard Common, to let the young village beggars have a ride; and above all since that outbreak a few months ago, when he would play Christopher Sly in a reverse fashion all his own. He has been badly bitten with philanthropy, and has had a pretty strong tinge of Christian socialism from his birth."

"But what is to be done?" asked Mrs. Douglas, concealing her impatience and annoyance at the old lawyer's coolness and apparent disposition to philosophize over the disaster under the languor which her delicacy of health and the effects of the blow she had received warranted.

"I should say this plunge would cure him," answered Mr. Woodcock promptly, not without a sardonic twinkle in his eye. "There will be no more of even political see-sawing. He will be henceforth as stout a Tory, if there be such an animal left, as you, madam, can desire."

"Oh, what do his political opinions signify now?" Mrs. Douglas was driven to protest, in plaintive vexation. "It is the *fiasco* which the poor boy has made of his personal affairs that is the misery. Is it not hard when our boy's prospects were so brilliant, were they not? that he should contrive to mar them frightfully, and he barely five-and-twenty?"

"He has not done his prospects any good, certainly," admitted the adviser, still with professional wariness. "I am not at all sure that he has not earned his experience not to meddle in other people's affairs or to mix separate interests, at much too high a price."

"You may say so," said poor Mrs. Douglas, with a groan. "He might have married into any of the best families in the country; he had everything in his favor, everything to recommend him; or he



might have remained single, at least while he had us to make a home for him at Shardleigh. It is grievous to think that his very singleness of heart and generosity—what made him so much better and dearer than other young men—have led him so far astray, and left him so easy a prey."

"The result is not a contradiction, but rather in natural sequence. My dear Mrs. Douglas, you are no worse off than your neighbors—I mean, of course, your neighbors who have highflying sons; only in Archie's case I should have expected the punishment—the rue, if you will have it so—to have taken a different form. I did think that he had sufficient brains and heart to cause him to make such a bargain as he could and would stick to, for better, for worse—and that, being what he is, his bargain would have stuck to him. My humble opinion agrees with yours so far, that what you call his goodness—and I have no reason to suppose that he is not the honest, hare-brained enthusiast we took him to be—should have been to this extent his safeguard. I cannot understand, and I confess I like least of all, this rapid mutual revulsion between the pair. I should, not mind, as a lawyer, hearing the young woman's version of the story."

"That is just what we wish you to do," said Mrs. Douglas, eagerly; "that is, we shall be thankful if you will have the goodness to go to her, and see if she will come to terms—if she will consent to any arrangement that will be for Archie's credit and comfort—all the credit and comfort that are left to him, poor fellow. I am sure you will do me the justice to believe that I am very sorry for the young woman who has taken so mistaken a step."

"You will excuse me, madam, for doubting whether, when the Rubicon is passed, there can be any arrangement save one, that is for Archie's abiding credit," said Mr. Woodcock plainly. "I am sensible that it is my office to be a go-between, a 'redder,' as they call it in Scotland," allowed Mr. Woodcock, with a shrug of his shoulders, "but if the redder is to come between man and wife, I should prefer to speak to the man first. You will forgive me again, Mrs. Douglas, but I must trouble Archie with regard to my credentials."

"By all means," said Mrs. Douglas, with a courteous deference to the lawyer's scruples that would have concealed from most people a shade of stiffness in her consent. "Come back to dinner, and talk to Archie afterwards. You are privi-

leged, and you have my authority to speak to him on the subject; but I am afraid that even you will find it a difficult and disagreeable task."

"Where is the task worthy of the name that is not both difficult and disagreeable?" demanded the old lawyer, rising gallantly to the encounter.

"She is utterly incapable of any stage-mother's villainy," reflected Mr. Woodcock, when the interview was at an end. "I have always thought her a good sort of woman and mother, so far as warring instincts and influences would let her. She is a production of high civilization and of a certain amount of liberal, even kindly sentiment, grafted on class exclusiveness and self-indulgence. The best thing about her is that she makes no pretence of cynicism. But just because she is what she is, with a shaky moral backbone, and beset by a tendency to subtlety and finesse, she is not to be trusted in so delicate a matter. But there is more than Archie's credit to be considered—ah! she spoke the truth, the lad had fine prospects, which, if he could but have been sufficiently immoral to think chiefly of himself, he might have escaped making ducks and drakes of. There is the future of the property to think of. Even his sister's welfare is implicated; but no. I doubt that poor Archie, having contrived to make a low marriage—he should know best, and he is doing what he can to prove that he has found it disgraceful—has severed the close alliance with his sister. It will be the duty of her guardians, of whom I am one, to separate brother and sister in time to come. I am not sentimental, but I remember them as two pretty children, of whom Douglas was as proud and fond as most fathers are silly enough to be. And he used to hug himself on their being boy and girl, and such a pair of friends as the four or five years between them permitted—Archie would look after Jane, and see that she was not put upon; and Jane would soften and sweeten Archie, as if the softening and sweetening were not likely to be on the other side, when Jane has the father's fibre and Archie is the mother in ideal with a man's ballast. And here is the end of it, that they should be forbidden each other's presence, and hardly know each other by the time they come to die."

It was on the day after the scene in the park that Mr. Woodcock dined in Grosvenor Square for the purpose of "tackling" Archie on his delinquency, and trying to arrive at a clearer comprehension of it.

Already the vague sense of something terribly wrong brooded mysteriously over those quarters of the house where no direct intimation had been given of the nature of the wrong. It was simply identified with the young master and a woman who, according to Evans the groom's tale, had made up to Mr. Douglas when he was riding with the young ladies in the park. The servants, headed by Mr. Debreë, the elderly butler, and Mrs. Ramsay, the middle-aged housekeeper — both of whom had something of Archie's mother's mingled pride in, and pity for, him, as a fine fellow with a screw loose — united, with their solemn curiosity, much compassion for Archie and strong condemnation of his visionary foes.

Archie sedulously avoided his mother and sister. Mrs. Douglas, in her turn, shunned Jane, who would seek farther information, and would suggest the most outrageous line of conduct, such as the family's immediately adopting its strange daughter-in-law (Jane remained ignorant of the discord between Archie and his wife), and her becoming Jane's pupil. Then, perhaps, at some distant date, Archie's wife would grow so tamed and civilized that she would reward them all, and be another pet of mamma's. Mamma was very willing to have pets, and very good in making allowance for them. And she had such a nice estimation of the little which she knew of the virtues and sacrifices of those lower ranks so far removed from her. Jane concluded that her mother loved them for the sake of her father, because he had been a man of humble birth, and had built up his own fortune — facts of which his widow must be naturally proud.

Rica Wyndham showed herself the least affected by the pervading agitation, and behaved with great self-command. She represented the social proprieties, looked and spoke as if nothing were happening, and overcame the awkwardness of being a third party in a house which is in the half-smothered spasms of an unconfessed domestic crisis. She proved the advantage of the presence of a competent outsider who can play the world to perfection, and compel the actors themselves to an equally well-bred and desirable restraint over themselves — nay, to an obligatory keeping up of the ball in the intercourse of life.

Rica Windham had never looked better, or shown to greater social advantage than she did at the dinner, where there was only Mr. Woodcock to pay much heed to

her, and he noticed her rather with the critical acumen of a student of humanity than with an overflowing regard for the genus of which she formed a striking specimen. She had a good, middle-sized figure, only slightly disfigured as yet by too great an inclination to *embonpoint*; a complexion of creamy whiteness, contrasting well with her black eyes — those half-shut eyes which seem singularly divided between sleep and laughter — silky black hair, and very delicately-pencilled black eyebrows. Her features were rather small, but very pretty, including a small aquiline nose and clearly cut and curved mouth, with the corners inclining upwards. But the distinction of the face was, that it was that of a *moqueuse*, who not only took the world as she found it, and bore its rubs with remarkable philosophy for so young a woman, but who found much to laugh at in its most unpleasant contradictions. Those who knew her best said that there was a proud and passionate nature underlying the sunny, rippled surface; but the depths were rarely stirred. Doubtless Rica was one of the women who judge that strong feeling is neither becoming nor wholesome, and who deliberately cultivate a gay and light-hearted indifference.

At this dinner Rica was taking her diversion, and making her own out of Mrs. Douglas's melancholy rallies, anxiously elaborate forbearance, and excessive gentleness in conversation. She was amusing herself with Jane's silent, breathless absorption, and her impulsive, mute appeals to Mr. Woodcock, her father's friend, who had always been specially friendly to her, and who was called in like a physician, and would surely set this horrible embroilment right by approving of and supporting her plans. Rica was rather enjoying in a half contemptuous way Archie's spasmodic firmness and his fitful efforts to back her in maintaining the flippant railery in which he had indulged with her lately, and from which nothing was sacred.

Poor Archie Douglas! Rica reflected. He was not mawkishly sentimental and pale to boot, in his goodness, like his mother, or, like his sister, a very green goose. She revenged herself when he pulled her up suddenly for one of her flights. It had been a laughingly supercilious estimate of something or other — the last gallant adventure in travel, the last high attainment in art, the last story of noble self-devotion and faithful toil, which were to be their own reward, such an incident as would have kindled Pleasance Hatton's cheeks and eyes with a

sympathetic radiance. And Rica said to him in an undertone, "You had better bite me, and make a short end of me."

He was forced to bite his own lips instead, to redden, and say, laughing back to her, that he hoped never to see the end of her, that she could not be *de trop*, etc.

That irksome nonsense came to an end with the withdrawal of the ladies; but, unfortunately, Archie was only released from Scylla to encounter Charybdis. He knew what would come when he and Mr. Woodcock were left to look at the flowers in the epergne, to trifle with the nut-crackers, and to pass the wine.

Archie Douglas was manly enough in many respects, but he felt as if his punishment was more than he could bear, and that he could hardly endure what he had brought upon himself. In addition to every other source of rebellion, from the element of boyishness in Archie, he had got it into his head that Mrs. Douglas had dealt unfairly with him in setting Woodcock at him, and in not finishing off the matter herself, particularly when it could come to nothing among them.

Mr. Woodcock was a very different man from Mr. Selincourt, but he too bore in mind that Archie Douglas was his own master and the master of Shardleigh. He waited for a little time, to let Archie have the chance of introducing the business himself, in his own way, and when he would not avail himself of the opportunity, then Mr. Woodcock was valiant to make the plunge necessary to break the ice.

"Archie," he said, looking into his glass to spare the young man, "your mother has consulted me, and given me leave to speak to you. It seems you have committed a very imprudent act, got yourself into a shocking mess, in short."

"I suppose I am not the first fellow who has got himself into a mess without the help of a lawyer," said Archie, defiantly looking his senior in the face.

"No, nor will you be the last," said Mr. Woodcock, returning the look, "but I have always found it the best thing in these cases to dismiss generalities and stick to particulars. I put it in this way to you, my friend Archie. I do not wish to pry into your affairs, but if my experience can be of the least use to you, it is a pity that you should not avail yourself of it. Here is my view of the matter," he went on, thinking to make confession easier to his listener. "You began by putting yourself into a difficult, and I must say a false, position. Your excited fancy was caught

by some girl's face which struck you as fairer in its rustic simplicity than beauty adorned in the most orthodox fashion. Without more ado, rather set on flame by the idea of social objections, and despising all ulterior consequences, as you semi-poetic fellows are prone to do, you set yourself to woo and win your peasant nymph. Having succeeded in your object, you found that your pearl of dew was—well, but a drop of ordinary rain-water after all. She was, in all probability—excuse me, Douglas, I am bound to speak out—very ignorant, perhaps a little stupid and silly, even coarse, poor thing. She fretted, bored, and affronted you, and so you had a quarrel, and went your different ways. All very well, at least not altogether ill, had you been merely lovers, but unfortunately you were a great deal more. If a man has simply made a great mistake in the contract, he is bound to bear the consequences of his shortsightedness, and he is not the only, generally not the chief sufferer. The evil may not be irremediable—with youth, there is a tolerably wide scope for hope, thank God; but even if the error were beyond compensation, who should pay the penalty but the original offender?"

"You are altogether wrong. There are more things in the world than even you dream of in your philosophy, Woodcock." He spoke in a tone of such bitter mockery that it fairly silenced his adviser.

There was a pause, and when the family friend spoke again, it was much more formally and briefly. "Am I to understand that your separation from your wife does not admit of a reconciliation?"

"It does not," said Archie, "since it lies with her, and not with me."

The admission confirmed Mr. Woodcock in his suspicion. "At the same time you propose to admit the marriage, and do not seek to have it annulled, if that were possible?" he asked again, stiffly.

"It is not possible," declared Archie, sternly—"it is not possible from your own showing, however sorely the man or the woman may repent of it."

"Then I conclude that you are prepared to make a provision for the woman to whom you have given your name, and from whom you do not desire to take it. She cannot be left to herself or to other people for her support in the future. Her maintenance is not only your obligation, it will be your wisest course to give her an interest in living peaceably and decorously apart from you."

"You may give her Shardleigh if you like, and if she will have it," broke in Archie.

This speech, with its impulsiveness and lavish generosity, was much more like the Archie of old, and it softened Mr. Woodcock, who was beginning to harden against the culprit sitting in youthful haggardness and wretchedness opposite him.

"Softly, my dear boy, that is out of the question. But there is the old dowager house down at Stone Cross, that is far enough away from Shardleigh and the rest of you, and is a quiet place. She might occupy that with a suitable allowance."

Mr. Woodcock could get nothing farther out of Archie than to let his wife have what Mr. Woodcock would, or rather what she would take. Archie would enter into no particulars, and vouchsafe no explanation.

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From Temple Bar.

#### FRANCIS THE FIRST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU" ETC.

C'est luy qui a grâce et parler de maître,  
Digne d'avoir sur tous droit et puissance,  
Qui, sans nommer, se peut assez connoître.  
C'est luy qui a de tout la connoissance,  
De sa beauté il est blanc et vermeil,  
Les cheveux bruns, de grande et belle taille;  
En terre il est comme au ciel le soleil,  
Hardi, vaillant, sage et preux en bataille,  
Il est benin, doux, humble en sa grandeur.  
Fort et puissant, et plein de patience,  
Soit en prison, en tristesse et malheur  
Il a de Dieu la parfaite science,  
Bref, luy tout seul est digne d'être roy.

Such is the glowing picture—I have omitted its extravagances—drawn by Marguerite de Navarre of her brother Francis in his youth. And it is, perhaps, little exaggerated, for he was undoubtedly the handsomest and most chivalrous prince, as well as one of the finest men in Europe, of his time.

The tradition of Agnès and the court of Charles the Seventh [says Michelet] set then in the form of a romantic legend, enveloped Francis the First. His governor, Artus Gouffier, was the son of Charles the Eighth's governor, who in his early youth had been valet de chambre to Charles the Seventh; thus the child was cradled in these remembrances of *la Dame de beauté* and the court of King René, of the soft and wandering life, passing from château to château, which these kings lived. Add to this the eternal story of Italian affairs, when Gouffier had followed Charles the Eighth and Louis the Twelfth, Fornoue,

Agnadel, and Ravenna, the beautiful women coming to meet the conquerors, the pleasures of Naples. This paradise was the king's if he knew how to retake it. The whole adorned by Boiardo, Roland, Angélique, "*Les dames, les combats, les nobles cavaliers.*" This is what the complaisant governor recounted to his pupil in those long rides among the interminable windings of the Charente, or following the eccentric course of the deceptive Loire.

Louis the Twelfth dying without issue in 1515, the crown devolved upon young Francis, then Duc d'Angoulême, as first prince of the blood. He had just entered his twenty-first year, and the whole nation was filled with hope, and eager expectation of a glorious reign. His assumption of the title of Duc de Milan revealed his intention of following the Italian policy of his two predecessors. To secure the alliance or neutrality of the surrounding powers, was his first care. The archduke Charles, who, although only fifteen years of age, had already assumed the government of the Netherlands, received his overtures with favor, and the renewal of the treaty with England, by which he engaged himself for the million crowns promised by the late king, secured the good-will of Henry the Eighth. With the old wolf, Ferdinand, he was not so fortunate; neither, as a necessary corollary, with his adherent, the weak-minded Maximilian. To the Venetians he promised the recovery of their former possessions in Lombardy; Leo the Tenth declared his intention of remaining neutral, but almost immediately ranged himself upon the side of Spain; and soon afterwards, Henry showed symptoms of disaffection to his cause.

Full of ardor, burning to emulate those deeds of arms of De Foix and other great captains, over which he had pored and even wept, no obstacle nor opposition appalled him. He gathered together a large and well-disciplined army and the most formidable train of artillery that France had ever possessed, and started on his expedition. The Swiss guarded the passes of the Alps; but he, marching by a new route, avoided them and descended upon Milan so unexpectedly and rapidly, that Colonna, who was at table when the French arrived, demanded in astonishment whether they had dropped from the stars.

On the 13th of September, 1515, was fought the famous battle of Marignano, one of the greatest victories ever achieved by French arms. Within two hours of sundown the Swiss unexpectedly commenced the attack, with such resistless violence that the French could scarcely

withstand it. Far into the darkness of the night raged the slaughter, until the confusion obliged a cessation. But with the first dawn of day it recommenced. During the interval, the French troops had been re-arranged, and were now more than a match for their assailants. Francis, plunging into the very thickest of the fight, performed prodigies of valor. The Swiss mercenaries, who had won so many engagements that they were considered invulnerable, lost twelve thousand of their best men. The old captain, Trivulzio, who had been through the Italian wars of the previous reign, said that all the battles he had ever witnessed had been but child's play to this, for it was a battle of giants.

After the victory, there was acted a scene that has been frequently pictured both by romancist and painter. It was a momentary flicker of the expiring flame of chivalry. By the side of the king had fought Bayard, the last of the heroes, with all the mightiness of an ancient paladin, and all the romantic courage of a knight-errant. So impressed was Francis by his prowess, that kneeling before him, he begged to be knighted by the sword that had performed such wonders. And there, with all the army looking on, Bayard performed the ancient ceremony, and vowed never to draw that sword again except against the infidel.

The entire submission of the Milanese followed of necessity so overwhelming a victory; that of the Genoese quickly succeeded. And after an interview with Leo, at Bologna, in which the presentation of ecclesiastical benefices within their kingdom was formally ceded to the kings of France—a privilege which thereafter greatly affected the social and religious life of that country—Francis returned to Paris crowned with laurels.

Peace being now established for several years, and his ambition and love of glory being satisfied for a time, he was free to indulge in that love of magnificence and that patronage of art with which posterity has chiefly associated his reign.

It is a strange contradiction that under this monarch, who was above all the king of the Renaissance, much of the ancient spirit of chivalry, which had been dormant during three reigns, should have revived so brilliantly, although, like the Gothic of the preceding generation, a little overweighted with ornament. Never was fabled knight of King Arthur's court more deeply imbued with its fantastic poetry than this Francis; but the subtle and restless spirit of the age was yet more

potent, and carried him in an opposite direction. Nor was he the only *preux chevalier* of his time; Bayard, that model of knighthood, who might have held an honored place at the Round Table, still lived. There was the gallant De Lorges, whose bravery was put to such a cruel test. Francis kept lions at Fontainebleau, and loved to see them fight. One day De Lorges and his mistress were present at one of these combats; she let fall her glove, purposely, into the arena when the beasts were at their greatest fury. Without a moment's hesitation he rolled his cloak about his left arm, brandishing his sword with his right, sprang in and showed so determined a countenance to the lions that they dared not attack him, picked up the glove, and restored it to the lady amidst the applause of the spectators. But she was justly punished for her barbarity, for he took leave of her upon the spot, saying he wished no longer to be counted among the gallants of one who had exposed him to such a peril for a mere caprice.

The disruption of the feudal seigneuries and the consequent breaking up of the isolation and independence of the old *noblesse*, the increase of the central power, which gradually concentrated all favor and authority into the gift and hands of the king, brought all the ambitious young nobles to court, since it was there alone they could now look for advancement. The splendor with which the new monarch surrounded himself, and that desire for luxury which had been growing at a prodigious rate since the first invasion of Italy, gave an intense impetus to this movement, and month after month the numbers of the old mediæval castles that were given over to the owls and the winds, or to the care of a few aged domestics, not sufficiently presentable to swell the train of the seigneur, increased throughout the land. The rudely-garbed provincial was quickly transformed into the elegantly-accounted courtier with his silken coat and hat, doublet, breeches and shoes slashed in various colors, a rapier at his side, and an engraved ring upon his finger, his hair \*

\* Previous to the time of Francis, the French nobles had worn their hair long; the cause of this change of fashion forms a curious chapter in the history of modes. On Twelfth Day, or *le jour des rois*, the court being then at Romorantin, the king was informed that the Comte de Saint-Paul, following an ancient custom, had made in his house a king of the bean. Upon which Francis gathered about him all his courtiers and informed them that he should place himself at their head and lay siege to the count's house to dethrone this king. Saint-Paul, made aware of his coming, prepared for his defence, and caused his



and nails cut short and his beard worn long. If he were handsome and gallant he might hope to be taken under the protection of some noble lady and provided with employment at court, a post in the army, or even a benefice in the Church, for since the disposal of its patronage had come into the hands of the king such was frequently bestowed upon laymen.

It was at the Château d'Amboise, which Charles the Eighth had rebuilt in the Italian style, that Francis held his court in the earlier years of his reign. He did not care for cities, but loved to blend the splendors of his palace with the natural beauties of the woods and fields. It was a court of romance, the joyous life that Boccaccio drew, with much of the wild extravagance of Ariosto, a realization of those boyish day-dreams by the Charente and Loire. But although its headquarters were at Amboise, this joyous court was never stationary, but was always *en route*:

Like a moving romance [says Michelet] a Pantagruelian pilgrimage, the whole length of the Loire, from château to château, from forest to forest. Everywhere the chase and the deafening horn. Everywhere the grand banquet beneath the trees for some thousands of guests. Then all disappeared. The poor envoys of the king of Spain never knew where or how to join the king of France. He rose very late, as did also that other king, his mother. They came in vain in the morning, the king was asleep. They returned later; the king was on horseback, far away in the forest. The evening was too pleasant; business to-morrow. The next day he was gone; the court was *en route*; the envoys would find some belated servitors who told them hastily the king slept ten leagues from there.

King Francis [says Brantôme] having chosen and formed a troop, which he called *la petite bande*, of the ladies of his court, the most beautiful and gentle, and whom he loved best, often stole away from the court and went away to other houses to hunt the stag and pass the time, and there he would dwell thus retired, eight days, ten days, sometimes more, sometimes less, as it pleased his humor.

But mingled with this Arcadian life were fêtes as gorgeous as those of Louis the Fourteenth. There was one of notable

splendor at the baptism of the dauphin, and the marriage of Lorenzo de Médicis, Duc d'Urbino, with Madeleine de la Tour, the heiress of the Comte d'Auvergne. Leo had been solicited to be sponsor to the prince, and had sent his nephew, Lorenzo, to represent him. The ceremonies were splendid. The great court of the palace was covered by a vast awning, under which assembled all the flower of the French nobility, all the great dignitaries of the Church, the ambassadors of all the foreign courts, and many foreign princes. At the supper every course was brought in to a flourish of trumpets, and between each there was a ballet performed by seven companies of demoiselles dressed in the costumes of Germany, Italy, and Spain, and beating time to their steps with tambourines. There were jousts on horseback and on foot, and a sham siege, for which an elaborately-constructed fortress made of wood had been raised.

But all other fêtes were as nothing when compared with the ever famous Field of the Cloth of Gold. Maximilian being dead, Francis became a rival candidate with Charles for the imperial throne, and desiring the alliance of England, invited Henry to meet him near Calais. The interview between the two monarchs took place upon a great plain between Ardres and Guines which divided their territories. The ground was covered with tents, the principal of which were adorned both within and without with cloth of gold. The nobles of the two nations vied with each other in the splendor of their appointments. "Several there," says an old historian quaintly, "carried their forests, their meadows, their mills upon their shoulders."

Henry had constructed for himself a vast palace of wood and glass which glittered in the sunshine like the prolusion of a Crystal Palace; it was divided into four compartments, and covered with a cloth painted to represent freestone. Within was a spacious court with two fountains, from each of which flowed wine, water, and hippocras. The entire edifice had been brought over from England in pieces that were joined together by pegs, but neither stone nor mortar was employed. Francis's palace was no less splendid and ingenious than that of his brother monarch. He had caused to be constructed beside a building in the form of a Roman amphitheatre, three tiers in height, and a pavilion sixty feet square, covered on the outside with cloth of gold, and within with blue velvet embroidered with *fleur de lis*, but a high wind destroyed this last and

people to bring within doors a large number of snow-balls, and gather together all the apples, eggs, and other things that would serve for projectiles, they could find. The assault commenced, but very soon the besieged had exhausted their ammunition; in the excitement of the moment some one snatched up a burning log from the hearth and cast it through the window. It fell upon the king's head, inflicting a severe wound. The physician found it necessary to cut his hair close to his head. From that time he allowed his beard to grow. A few weeks afterwards every pretender to fashion, whether of court or town, appeared with beard and cropped head.

carried it away. Midway between the two camps was erected a tent which in the richness of its ornaments surpassed all the rest, and it was here, after many diplomatic delays, mounted on horseback, the two sovereigns met and embraced one another with every demonstration of affection. When the articles of the treaty were read and signed, Francis expressed a desire to entertain his kingly brother; but Henry, who seems to have been suspicious throughout, was not willing to confide his person to the keeping of the French without due precautions, and proposed that while he dined with the queen of France at Ardres, Francis should be received by the queen of England at Guines; thus they would have been hostages for each other. But Francis, full of impulsive generosity, grew impatient of these Machiavellian precautions, and resolved to put an end to them in a manner that shamed the less chivalrous monarch. One morning, accompanied by only two gentlemen and a page, he presented himself at the Château de Guines and demanded of the governor, "Where is the chamber of my royal brother?" "Sire, the king is not yet awake," was the reply. "That is no matter," replied Francis. And being conducted to the royal bed-chamber, knocked at the door, entered, and walked to the king's bedside. Greatly moved by this generous confidence, Henry exclaimed, "Brother, you have done the noblest thing that ever one man did to another, and shown me the great confidence I ought to have in you. I am your prisoner and I pledge you my faith." Then they made an exchange of splendid presents, and when the English king rose the French king insisted upon acting as his valet and assisting him to dress. The next morning Henry took horse, unattended, to the Château d'Ardres, in imitation of his visitor, and performed the same attentions to his brother of France.

All this may seem very silly stuff to the nineteenth century, but nevertheless it is full of meaning as another momentary revival of dying chivalry.

Then followed jousts and tourneys, but they were mere gorgeous spectacles, bearing the same relation to the tournaments of feudalism as a stage representation does to the reality. Fighting had come to be regarded rather as a disagreeable necessity than the pleasure of life, the value of which seems ever to increase with the progress of luxury. Besides courtesies and fighting there were feasts and entertain-

ments of the most splendid description which lasted many days.

But, alas, all this kingly cordiality was as evanescent as the pageants that celebrated it; the next year Henry concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the emperor against France. Francis had so impoverished both himself and his nobles by these extravagances, that upon the breaking out of the war he found himself without the means of equipping or feeding his troops, and was obliged to resort to the most oppressive imposts to raise money.\*

It was Francis who commenced that infamous institution, the royal mistress, the curse of France during so many generations. He was twice married, first to Claude the eldest daughter of Louis XII., a *mariage de convenance*; she was a princess of religious and retired habits, who bore him three sons, Francis, Henry, and Charles, and four daughters. Her many virtues procured for her the title of *la bonne reine*. The contempt of her husband and the hatred of her mother-in-law, probably shortened her life; she died in 1524. His next wife was Eleanor of Austria, the sister of Charles V., and the widow of Emmanuel of Portugal; she fell in love with him during his captivity in Madrid. This was another political marriage, and her life was no happier than that of her predecessor; the tyranny of the queen-mother, and the insolence of the favorites, drove her from the court, while the enmity and the wars between her husband and brother were unceasing afflictions to her.

It must be confessed [says Brantôme] that before him (Francis the First) the ladies came but little to court, and only in small numbers. It is true that Queen Anne† commenced her court of ladies greater than other preceding queens, and without her the king, her husband, cared but little for them; but King Francis coming to reign, considering that all the decoration of a court was the ladies, wished to increase them more than was the ancient custom. . . . Very often have I seen our kings go into the country, into the towns and elsewhere, and there dwell and make merry for

\* The entire revenues of the crown amounted under this reign to about 5,600,000 livres, and the expenses of his ordinary household absorbed more than one third of this sum, and such festivities as that of the Field of the Cloth of Gold must have still further decreased the residue. The nobles in return for exemption from taxation were still obliged to serve the king at their own expense in time of war; but the decay of feudalism, and the employment of trained mercenaries, had rendered war an infinitely more costly business to kings than it had been in the old times.

† The queen of Louis the Twelfth.

days together without bringing any ladies with them, but we were so lost, so disconsolate, when for eight days we dwelt apart from them and their beautiful eyes, that they appeared to us a year.

Up to this period woman had been a mere "breeder of sinners," playing no part in the great business of life, since nature had unfitted her for the life of fighting and turmoil by which she was surrounded; but with the advent of luxury, and softer and more elegant manners, her influence rose; and an influence not of good, but of evil, it became for France.

To the old romantic devotion of knight-errantry now succeeded that elegant, sensual gallantry which endured until the Revolution. It was the legitimate successor of chivalry, refined of the rudeness of its progenitor—and the heart. Gallantry, to use an euphuistic phrase, seemed the sole employment of the court, and those who were not inclined to it found but little favor in the king's eyes. His three sons gloried in having mistresses, and their father, far from blaming such errors, would scarcely have acknowledged them as of his race had their manners been severe. "I have heard tell," says Brantôme, "that the king greatly desired the honorable gentlemen of his court should never be without mistresses, and if they were he considered them coxcombs and fools."\* It was the fashion of the time, and before that omnipotent power, vice, virtue, and decency have ever been mere names.

The king never stirred abroad without being accompanied by a train of demoiselles. Even when he went to meet the pope at Marseilles he was accompanied by *la petite bande; les filles de joie*, as he styles them in an old document, wherein he authorizes his treasurer to pay them twenty golden crowns each. In his youth, according to the testimony of Brantôme, his amours were indiscriminate and often vulgar, but after a time a favorite sultana became paramount, influencing not only his domestic life, but every department of the state. "Women made all," says an historian of the period, "even the generals and captains." This is their first

\* The following anecdote will better illustrate the shameless immorality of the age than pages of description. Bonnavet, the admiral, who was a lover of the Comtesse de Châteaubriand, dared to lift his eyes to the king's sister, the princess Marguerite. He invited the king and the court to his chateau. They came. In the night, by means of a trap door, he introduced himself into the princess's chamber, and began to plead his passion in a very violent manner. His face bore next day the marks of his reception. Yet he does not appear to have in any way lost the king's favor by this infamous attempt.

appearance in state affairs; the Countess de Châteaubriand and the Duchess d'Etampes were the mothers of Montepan and Pompadour.

But a more evil feminine influence even than that of the mistresses was exercised by the Duchess d'Angoulême, the queen-mother, a beautiful, clever, but infamous woman. Her intrigues were shameless; her furious passions wrought infinite mischief; her overbearing insolence drove both the queens from court; her avarice was insatiable; she lost the king Milan by appropriating the soldiers' pay, and thereby causing a revolt among the Swiss mercenaries. This was but the sequel to an even worse deed. When Lautrec, the commander, returned to France, the king overwhelmed him with wrath, and demanded the cause of the disaster. "For eighteen months," replied Lautrec, "th: men-at-arms have not been paid." Francis, astounded at hearing such an assertion, called the Sieur Semblançay, the secretary of finance. "Did you not receive four hundred thousand ducats to send to Italy?" "Assuredly," he replied, "but the queen-mother imperiously demanded the entire sum, and upon her acquittance I delivered it." The acquittance, however, was not to be found; it had been stolen by a creature of the duchess's in the service of Semblançay. The latter was thrown into prison, and a suit commenced against him which lasted two years; he was ultimately convicted of having wrongly administered the finances of the kingdom, and sentenced to death. And this man had grown grey in the service of four kings!

This affair gratified two passions of the queen-mother—her avarice and her hate. Lautrec was a brother of the Comtesse de Châteaubriand, of whose influence she was furiously jealous, and to discredit her relations was to injure her. Besides which, he had, it was said, talked too freely of the duchess's amours. He was a man of undoubted abilities, but stern and arrogant, and he had done much by his conduct to disgust the Milanese with French government. Charles and the pontiff, both at hostilities with France, taking advantage of this sentiment, the imperial troops, under the command of Prosper Colonna, entered the Milanese territory. But for the mutiny of the Swiss, in consequence of the non-arrival of their pay, Lautrec could have made head against them; as it was, Milan fell into their hands, and Genoa soon afterwards shared the same fate. About the same period, Henry of En-

gland, actuated by the counsels of Wolsey, who was in the pay of the empire, on some contemptible and frivolous pretext, declared war against the man to whom two years previously he had sworn eternal friendship. An army, under the command of Surrey, invaded French territory, but effected nothing. In the next year Venice, which had hitherto been Francis's ally, finding his cause in Italy desperate, entered into the league against him. Thus did the unfortunate monarch find himself alone, and encompassed by enemies. It was now the dauntlessness and power of his character shone forth, and instead of shrinking back within the defensive, he daringly resolved to march into Italy, and attack his enemies in their strongholds.

But not even yet was the sum of his misfortune complete. He had already begun his march towards Lyons when he received intelligence that the Constable de Bourbon\* was in league with Charles, and had promised to aid the imperial troops to invade France as soon as the king had crossed the Alps. The naturally frank and generous character of Francis is admirably displayed in his mode of acting upon this warning. He at once started for Moulins, where the constable, who had pretended illness to excuse his absence from the army, was then lying, and told him unreservedly all he had heard; upon which Bourbon protested his innocence in such solemn terms that Francis accepted his pledge, and refused to have him arrested, as more cautious councillors advised. Immediately afterwards the traitor fled, and the king was doomed to bitterly expiate his too credulous trustfulness. Not considering it safe to quit his territory, he gave up the command of the invading army, thirty thousand strong, to Admiral Bonnivet, and by fortifying all frontier towns, and arresting all suspected persons, entirely defeated the conspiracy. This king certainly displayed considerable

genius by the manner in which he kept all Europe, and even domestic treachery, at bay.

The brief and rapid wars of the feudal ages had been succeeded by those slow and strategic operations which made the military art until the appearance of Buonaparte. Bonnivet, who had been selected to command the army, not on account of his abilities, which were mediocre, but because of his known hatred to Bourbon, which was a pledge of his fidelity, and of the king's friendship for him, was outgeneralled and outnumbered, and at Biagrasa was totally and irretrievably defeated. It was on that field fell the Chevalier Bayard, the last of the knights of chivalry. That same year Charles invaded France, entering through Provence. But still the masterful genius of the king was equal to the occasion, and the imperialists, decimated by disease and famine, were compelled to retire back into Italy.

It was now that Francis's good angel deserted him, and rashness and evil counsel ruined all his glory. He had still a magnificent army under his command, and with this he resolved once more to invade Milan. To this course he is said to have been determined by the persuasions of Bonnivet, who represented conquest as certain and easy. He had become enamored of a Milanese lady, and was desirous of revisiting her; hence his assurances. Upon such trifles hang wars, the lives of thousands, and the fate of great empires.

Again Milan opened her gates, and Sforza and the imperialists retired before the invaders. But instead of pursuing and destroying them, as he might have easily done, Francis, by some strange error of judgment, sat down before Pavia, a strongly fortified and well-garrisoned town, and sent half his army to make a descent upon Naples. For three months he laid close siege to this place, and reduced it almost to the extremities of famine; the imperialists were scarcely strong enough to attack him. But the vigor and self-sacrifice of Bourbon, now in the imperial forces, came to their aid; he pawned his jewels, took a journey into Germany, and with the proceeds raised twelve thousand mercenaries. With these reinforcements the enemy advanced towards Pavia. The unanimous advice of the French council of war was to retire, and decline a battle. There was only one dissentient voice, that of the fatal Bonnivet, who urged the disgrace of retreat. Again the king listened, because, probably, it harmonized with his

\* The queen-mother, who had always been jealous of the Bourbons, on account of the partiality shown by Anne of Brittany, the queen of Louis the Twelfth, for that branch of the royal family, had poisoned the mind of her son against the constable. His merits had never received their due reward, and he had been treated with uniform coldness and suspicion. But upon the death of his wife, the duchess, enamored of his fine person, formed the idea of marrying him. Not only did he repel her advances, but treated them with scorn and ridicule. From that hour she swore his destruction, and commenced by instituting a lawsuit to deprive him of his estates, which she claimed partly for herself, partly for the king. It was then he opened negotiations with the imperial court which promised him the hand of the emperor's sister, Eleanor, who afterwards became the queen of Francis, together with Provence and Dauphiné, which he was to rule under the title of king.

own feelings. He had sworn to take Pavia or perish, and with that romance and that strange echo of the olden time which ever and anon broke in upon the soul of this man of the Renaissance, he held that it would be an eternal shame to him to break it.

On February 24, 1525, was fought a fatal and renowned battle. The troops on both sides were splendid. The first advantage was with the French, but the treacherous and mercenary Swiss, worthy forefathers of the brigand innkeepers of to-day, who were forever betraying those who trusted them, and whose every vice and virtue were absorbed in the greed for gold, at the critical moment deserted their posts. The day was lost. But the king fought with the heroism of a knight-errant. Wounded severely, thrown from his horse, he fought on foot and killed seven men with his own hand. One by one the officers and nobles who had gathered round him were slain, and he stood alone, and though almost fainting with exhaustion, still wielded his terrible sword. Thus he was found by a follower of Bourbon's who entreated him to throw down his arms, but he would have died rather by the hands of the Spanish soldiers who were attacking him than have yielded to his traitorous subject. And so he would have fallen, had not Lannoy, the Spanish general, come up at the time, and to him he delivered his sword. The Spaniard took it, knelt and gave him his own, saying: "It does not become so great a monarch to remain disarmed in the presence of a mere subject of the emperor."

Here again we hear the noble and sweet voice of the olden time, so soon to be forever silenced in the hell-born war of creeds.

Ten thousand men fell in this engagement, and two weeks afterwards there was not one French soldier within the length and breadth of Italy. "All is lost save honor," wrote Francis to his mother, whom he had appointed regent in his absence. It was now that the nobler side of the character of the woman who had been the root of all the mischief displayed itself. Spite of all she had done, she loved her son. She gathered together the remnants of the army that had found their way back, made new levies, and assembling the nobles at Lyons, exhorted them to stand by their country in this terrible extremity. She also appealed to the Tudor, who, frightened at the prodigious success of Charles, lent a ready ear to her pleadings; and what was more important,

Wolsey, disappointed of the papal throne, which the emperor had promised him, was filled with revenge against his cajoler.

Most harshly and rigorously did Charles treat his royal captive, and the conditions of freedom he proposed, including as they did the surrender of Burgundy, Provence, and Dauphiné, were so monstrous, that Francis passionately drew his dagger, and pointing it at his breast, exclaimed: "It were better a king should die thus!" While the mother was working with heart and brain within his kingdom to procure his release, the sister, Marguerite d'Alençon, afterwards so famous as Marguerite de Navarre, made a journey into Spain to intercede for the captive, and bring him the comfort of her affection. There was a wondrous romantic love between this brother and sister, of which there is scarcely any parallel. He was in her eyes a god rather than a man, an idol, an incarnation of all that was physically and mentally glorious in creation; this passionate worship might be understood during the days of his youth, but even during his last years, when disease and excess had distorted his form and rendered his features coarsely repulsive, he was still her demigod, glorious as ever; her eyes could see no change. When she arrived in Spain, —

She found her brother [says Brantôme] in so piteous a state that, if she had not come, he would have died; so much better she knew his constitution and complexion than did all his physicians, and treated him and caused him to be treated, as she understood him, so well, that she cured him. Thus the king often said that without her he would have died, and that he owed her that obligation which he would always remember, and would love her, as he did, unto his death.

Marguerite was young, beautiful, learned, and talented, and all these gifts she set to work to procure his liberation.

She spoke to the emperor so bravely [to again quote Brantôme] and so honestly also, upon the bad treatment he had used towards the king, her brother, that he was astonished; remonstrating with him upon the ingratitude and felony he, a vassal, used towards his lord on account of Flanders,\* then reproached him with the hardness of his heart, to be so little piteous to so great and good a king, and that using him in that fashion was not the way to gain a heart so noble and royal as that of the king, her brother, and so sovereign; and should he die of his rigorous treatment, his death would not remain unpunished, having

\* The kings of France claimed seigniorial rights over Flanders.



children who some day would grow up and would signally avenge it.

This bravery, far from angering the gloomy and austere Charles, fascinated, enamored him. He softened the rigors of his captive's imprisonment, made love, but without result, to the fair pleader, and would have married her could he have won her consent. Yet, nevertheless he became more moderate in his terms, moved thereto also by the alliance of England with France, and the growing jealousy of Europe of his power. Yet let us not rob sweet Marguerite of her meed, for she did more to effect her brother's liberation than all other causes.

On January 14, 1526, after nearly one year's captivity, Francis signed the treaty of Madrid, whereby he gave up the Duchy of Burgundy to Charles, renounced all claims upon Italy, promised to restore the constable to his estates and honors, marry the emperor's sister, Eleanor of Portugal, etc., etc., and his two sons were to be given up as hostages for the fulfilment of the conditions. Before putting his hand to the document, he secretly, in the presence of his councillors, made a solemn protest against it as wrung from him by tyrannous and foul means, and as such it should be considered null and void. It was but a specimen of the political conscience of the day, but nevertheless it is the barrier which divides the chivalrous king of his youth from the debauché and tyrant of his age. The sages of Europe, however, never believed he intended to observe such stipulations, after the cruel and ungenerous treatment he had received, and they were right. Now came "the holy league" of France, England, Venice, Florence, Milan and the pope — who had absolved Francis from his oath — the success of the imperialists, the sack of Rome, the death of the constable, the rout of the French army before Naples, mutual exhaustion on both sides, and the treaty of Cambray, wherein Francis paid two million crowns for the ransom of his sons, renounced all sovereign rights over Flanders and Artois, and all Italian claims, while Charles on his part ceded his pretensions to Burgundy. Once more during these events we hear the fierce voice of the Middle Ages rising from the tomb. Charles, by his ambassador, denounces the French king as a base violator of the public faith and a stranger to honor and integrity; upon which Francis by his herald, gives the emperor the lie and challenges him to single combat. Charles accepts the defiance; but the age for such

summary settlements of political differences has passed away, and the meeting never takes place. Nevertheless, Robertson dates the rising of duelling, which was carried to such terrible excesses during the remainder of the sixteenth and the greater portion of the seventeenth century, from the countenance which this kingly indiscretion gave to such encounters.\*

The sufferings he endured both in body and mind during his Spanish captivity seem to have blighted all Francis's great powers, to have extinguished his fire and energy, and, above all, that self-confidence so indispensable to success. Thereafter we find him continually violating the most solemn treaties and obligations; eternally warring against the empire, but irresolutely, shiftily, blunderingly, and quite overshadowed by the ever-expanding genius of his great rival.

But let us leave these miserable wars, minute accounts of which may be found in any history, and return to that inner life of the court wherein lay all the springs of action. The queen-mother had conquered her old rival in the king's confidence, the Comtesse de Châteaubriand † — whose empire was lost from the time of his captivity — by providing another sultana for her son's pleasure, in the person of Anne de Pisseleu, one of her maids of honor. This lady, grateful to her patroness, was content to leave politics to her greater wisdom, and to rule only the pleasures of her royal lover. She loved splendor of all kinds, she loved poetry and poets, paintings and painters, she loved the society of

\* It must be borne in mind that the single combats of the Middle Ages were sanctioned by law, were solemn appeals to the god of justice, and totally differed from the private duel.

† The following romantic and tragic story is told by one of the old chroniclers concerning this lady. The Comte de Châteaubriand, not desiring that his wife should be seen at court, kept her a captive in an old château in Brittany. Francis, who had heard her spoken of, brought her to court by a stratagem. She appeared at Amboise, and everybody was dazzled by her beauty. The king no sooner beheld her than he was fascinated. But on his return from Spain he had forgotten her in the attraction of other beauties. The countess, unable to endure this disgrace, returned to her husband, who since her flight had shut himself up in his château. No sooner did she return than he again made her a prisoner in a chamber hung with black; he permitted her to see no one except her daughter, a child seven years old. Soon afterwards this child died, and from that hour the count gave himself up to thoughts of vengeance. One day six men masked and two surgeons entered her chamber, seized her, opened her veins, and then left her to expire.

Such marital executions were common occurrences in those days; but Brantôme, who gives numerous instances of such in his "*Dames Galantes*," makes no mention of this, and even mentions the countess as being at court after the date assigned to her murder. The story, however, has been generally received.

the learned, and inclined towards the Protestants. Francis married her to Jean de Brosse, one of the accomplices of Bourbon, who by this marriage got back his forfeited estates and a duchy into the bargain, on condition he never claimed his wife and kept away from her. It is the first example of those mock nuptials which the fourteenth and fifteenth Louis carried to such perfection. Truly this Francis was a wonderful hand at inventions. What a debt of gratitude succeeding kings owed him! So Mademoiselle de Pisseleu became Duchess d'Etampes.

The old life of *fêtes* was by no means interrupted by the costly and desolating wars; the troops were unpaid, the treasury drained, but there was always money forthcoming for splendors and pleasures. The Chateau d'Amboise became too small to contain the ever-swelling court. In the depths of a wild forest was an ancient dwelling that had been occasionally used by the kings of France as far back as the twelfth century. This was Fontainebleau, and this was the spot chosen by Francis for his new palace. The old Gothic building was demolished, and with it an adjacent monastery and seventeen houses; and upon the ground they had covered, under the superintendence of an Italian architect, and by the hands of a host of Italian, Flemish, and French workmen, arose a gorgeous pile of the Renaissance. Italy was ransacked for painters, sculptors, and decorators of all kinds to adorn the new palace, and among them came the great Benvenuto Cellini. It was here he executed some of his most beautiful works, his great silver statues of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars, and that gold salt-cellar of which he has left so wonderful a description in his memoirs that it is worth transcribing to give an idea of the works executed for this court:—

It was of an oval figure, and in size about two-thirds of a cubit, being entirely of gold, and admirably engraved by the chisel. I had represented the sea and the earth both in a sitting posture, the legs of one placed between those of the other, as certain arms of the sea enter the land, and certain necks of the land jut into the sea. I put a trident into the right hand of the figure that represented the sea, and in the left a bark of exquisite workmanship, which was to hold the salt: under this figure were its four sea-horses, the form of which, in the breast and fore feet, resembled that of a horse, and all the hind part from the middle that of a fish; the fishes' tails were entwined with each other in a manner very pleasing to the eye, and the whole group was placed in a striking attitude. This figure was sur-

rounded by a variety of fishes of different species, and other sea animals. The undulation of the water was properly exhibited, and likewise enamelled with its true colors. The earth I represented by a beautiful female figure, holding a cornucopia in her hand, entirely naked, like the male figure; in her left hand she held a little temple, the architecture of the Ionic order, and the workmanship very nice; this was to put pepper in. Under this female figure I exhibited most of the finest animals which the earth produces, and the rocks I partly enamelled and partly left in gold. I then fixed the work on a base of black ebony of a proper thickness; and then I placed four figures in more than mezzo-relievo; these were intended to represent Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night. There were also four other figures of the four winds, of the same size, the workmanship and enamel of which were elegant to the last degree.

He also invented exquisite models for the gates and fountains, which, however, were never executed, full descriptions of which are contained in his memoirs.

But the great Florentine, who was independent and somewhat rough in manner, offended the Duchess d'Etampes by not inviting her with the king to see these models, and from that time she gave all her favor to Rosso and Primaticcio, rival artists. To appease her he wrought a golden cup of exquisite workmanship, and carrying it to her lodgings begged her waiting-woman to procure him an interview.

Upon acquainting her lady with my arrival, and the present I had brought [to again quote Cellini's "Memoirs"] the latter answered disdainfully, "to tell him to wait." Hearing this, I armed myself with patience, and continued in suspense till she was going to dinner. Perceiving that it grew late, hunger provoked me to such a degree that, unable to resist its cravings any longer, I gave the lady a hearty curse, and going directly to the Cardinal Lorraine, made him a present of the cup, begging him to stand my friend with the king, and prevent me from being deprived of his good graces.

Cellini soon became disgusted with the treatment he received and went back to Italy, leaving the ornamentation of the palace to Rosso and Primaticcio, artists infinitely inferior to himself.

Quand verrons-nous quelque tournoi nouveau ?  
Quand verrons-nous par tout Fontainebleau  
De chambre en chambre aller les mascarades ?  
Quand ouïrons-nous, au matin, les aubades  
De divers luths mariés à voix ?  
Et les cornets, les fifres, les hautbois,  
Les tabourins, violons, épinettes,  
Sonner ensemble avecques les trompettes ?  
Quand verrons-nous comme balles voler  
Par artifice un grand feu dedans l'air ?

So, regretfully, wrote Ronsard when all this magnificence had passed away.

These fetes formed the models of those supposed to have been invented a century afterwards by *le grand monarque*. In reading a description of the festivities which welcomed a visit of Charles the Fifth we find the original of those fantastic devices given in honor of La Vallière. When the emperor entered the forest of Fontainebleau there suddenly sprang forth from every bush and covert crowds of heathen gods and goddesses, fauns, satyrs, dryads, hamadryads, naiads, who danced around him to the sound of hautbois. Then there were masquerades in which the dancers appeared in the guise of wild beasts, vultures, eagles, griffins, and sea-monsters. In all this we find a strange jumble of the old and the new, of the Gothic and neo-classic.

Another novelty of the reign of Francis the First, which vastly influenced the society of his posterity, was the introduction of churchmen to court. Before this bishops and abbots had resided in their bishoprics and abbeys, scarcely acknowledging any other authority than that of the pope. But the concordat changed all that. Benefices were no longer confined to those in holy orders, and abbeys and priories were indiscriminately bestowed upon men of all conditions whom the king wished to reward. This brought the first *public* corruption into the Church. "Not that I have heard say," writes Brantôme, "nor read that before there were more good people or better livers, for in their bishoprics and abbeys they were as debauched as the military." Rabelais, who ought to have known, was decidedly of the same opinion.

Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne, who had Rabelais for secretary, was one of the gayest of ecclesiastics, the favorite of princesses and all the ladies of the court; he visited England, and was one of the most assiduous gallants in the train of Anne Boleyn, one of the most skillful hunters in the forest of Windsor. In 1536, Francis confided to him the defence of Paris and the lieutenant-generalship of Champagne and Picardy, and he fulfilled his trust right well. There were several such prelates in this court.

Francis was a munificent patron of art and literature, but it is possible that ostentation had as much to do as taste with this predilection. He would have gathered all the genius of the world at Fontainebleau. Leonardo da Vinci died in his arms, and some of the greatest of the

Italian artists were in his pay. It was fortunate for the intellectual growth of France that she was governed at this period by such a prince, one who suffered himself to be carried forward on the crest of the great tidal wave of civilization, and did not sink beneath it; he was a worthy contemporary of Pope Leo, those two sovereigns alone,—for the brutal Tudor was too deeply sunk in sensualism, the bigot Charles in blood and fanaticism, to give any help to the great work,—those two alone brought the Renaissance to perfection. Those who would study and understand this epoch, must turn to the pages of Rabelais, for there they will find its every aspect reflected as in a mirror: its grossness and licentiousness; its intellectual vigor, too frequently degenerating, however, into the verbiages and hair-splitting pedantries of the schools; its strange incongruities, the result of the great upheaval of ideas; its scepticism and superstition, the product of effete forms of religion. Spite of the desolating wars that cast a shadow upon this reign, it wears an aspect of unclouded brilliance, of Arcadian peacefulness, when contrasted with the darkness that followed, the horrors of that war of creeds that raged with unmitigated ferocity during the remainder of the century, paralyzing all intellectual growth, transforming men to worse than wolves and tigers, for God has created no brute so frightful as the bigot, be he Catholic or Protestant.

Towards the close of this reign, we hear the first mutterings of the storm. Francis vacillated for some time between the two religions; he was drawn towards the reform by his sister Marguerite. But the prejudices of the nobles and the mass of the people, the ties he had formed with the Médiçi, the example of nearly all Europe, made up an overwhelming counterpoise in favor of the elder creed. Had the question come before him more prominently in his earlier days, he might have decided otherwise, but his once daring energy was gone, exhausted by reverses of fortune and by that horrible disease which for ten years slowly ate away body and mind. The first persecutions were brought about by the offensive zeal of certain Protestants, who affixed opprobrious reflections upon the Catholic faith against the church-doors. They courted their doom, it was a terrible one—the stake. The massacre of the Vaudois, however, was a horrible act, which casts an eternal stain upon this king's name. Nevertheless we have many instances of

his toleration; he saved Louis Berquin, one of the most learned men of the age, and a Protestant, from the flames, although the parliament had doomed him; and, among others, he protected Clement Marot and Rabelais, both enemies to the Catholic Church.

The last ten years of his life present a melancholy spectacle of decaying vigor. Upon the death of his mother and the departure of his sister for Navarre, — her marriage was said to have been insisted upon by the favorite, who was jealous of her power, — the Duchess d'Etampes held undisputed empire. But not to be envied, but rather to be pitied, was she, spite of her brilliant position, as companion, minister of pleasure, and nurse to this king, grown loathsome, and morose, and tyrannous in temper. In 1536, the Dauphin, Francis, a strange, melancholy, abstemious youth, died, poisoned by some water he had drunk after playing a game of tennis. Several persons were arrested, and put to the torture; the deed was reported to have been committed by agents of the emperor, but the uselessness of such a crime, which could have been instigated only by a desire to disturb the succession, the king having two other sons, quite exonerates him. The probabilities are, that it was brought about by Catherine de Médicis; she hated the prince as the obstacle which stood between her and the crown; she was jealous of his popularity, and she was well known to be on terms of close intimacy with those most deeply suspected of the deed. In fine, she and her husband were the only persons who could possibly profit by it.

Nine years afterwards, he lost his third and favorite son, Charles Duc d'Orleans, who, in his rash and chivalrous spirit, most resembled himself, and who forfeited his life by an act of stupid bravado. The plague had suddenly appeared in the camp; everybody was in consternation. To show his fearlessness, he went and lay upon the beds whence they had just removed the plague-stricken corpses. Immediately afterwards the symptoms of the disease appeared in him. He died the victim of his own folly.

During the last years, the Duchess d'Etampes, especially after the death of Louise de Savoie, the queen-mother, plunged deeply into political intrigues.

Finding herself without friends, and the king's dissolution approaching, she entered into a clandestine correspondence with the emperor, and even betrayed to him the secrets of the State. Francis knew he had a traitor about him, suspected his queen, every one except the Duchess. But she gained nothing by her perfidy; after his death she sank into such obscurity that not even the date of her demise is known.

There was one loving heart, through those years of sickness, that wept and prayed for the dying king — his sister Marguerite. She had long since become the wife of the discrowned king, Henri d'Albret, and made her little court at Navarre the home of poets and artists and learned men; it was also a refuge for the persecuted Protestants — she herself was accused of heresy because in a book of hers entitled "*Le Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse*," she "had not spoken of saints and purgatory"! In such sweet companionship, and in the exercise of her own rare abilities, she might have been happy but for the ever-approaching death of her beloved brother.

Whoever will come to my gate [said Marguerite] to announce the cure of the king my brother, such a courier, be he weary, worn out, covered with mire and all unfit, I will kiss and throw my arms around his neck as the most proper prince and gentleman of France, and should he be without a bed, and not able to find one to rest upon, I would give him mine, and sleep rather upon the ground for such good news as he would bring me.

The fatal moment came at the beginning of the year 1547. Francis was but fifty-three years of age, but for the last ten years of his life he had been regarded as an old man.

Little can be added to what I have already pictured of the character of this monarch. He was a representative man of the age in which he lived, and was imbued with all its virtues and all its vices: frank, chivalrous, generous, a lover of arts and letters; politically false, ungrateful, lascivious, and sensual. Had he not been rivalled by the superior genius of Charles the Fifth, he might in all things have anticipated Louis the Fourteenth, as he did in so many. Yet, take him for all in all, there are few kings of France I should be disposed to place before him.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STRATHMORE: LETTER FROM MRS. WORDSWORTH, THE LADY WHO SURVIVED THE WRECK.

LETTER, MRS. WORDSWORTH TO HER DAUGHTER.

THE CHILDERS, Feb. 13, 1876.

DEAREST F—, I daresay you never expected to see my handwriting again; but I suppose I must be the veritable bad halfpenny, and of course have turned up once more. We are now on board the ship "Childers" of Liverpool, on our way to Rangoon.

I will begin my story from the poor ship Strathmore. We had rather a tedious voyage. I was sick the whole way, and if the sickness stopped, I had nausea. I could not eat—I loathed everything; and when we got to the line, "low fever" set in. In short, I thought I should never reach New Zealand, though Captain M'Donald showed great skill in medicine, and was exceedingly kind and attentive. On one occasion, curiously enough, he jokingly threatened that if I did not get better soon he would land me on the Twelve Apostles,—little thinking then, poor man, how soon his words were to come true.

Miss Henderson, the lady who occupied the other berth in my cabin, and who, with her brother, was going to New Zealand to join their father, always tended me with the greatest kindness and gentle care during my long illness. On the 30th of June, the very night before we "struck," I felt rather better, and got up to join the other passengers in a game at cards in the saloon. I had generally slept badly hitherto, the fever always returning in the night; but on this occasion, being more fatigued than usual, I slept soundly, till bump! bump! bump! I was knocked violently backwards and forwards in my berth. I thought, "Surely that is a curious motion;" but, determined not to be easily alarmed, I endeavored to compose myself. To my horror there then followed a crunching and grating sound which could not be mistaken. I said to Miss Henderson, "Oh! surely there is something wrong."

We got out of bed, and had just lit our lamps, when Charlie and Mr. Henderson came to our cabin. Mr. Henderson never spoke; but Charlie said in very quiet tones, "Mother, the ship has struck, and is quickly settling down. You have not time to dress—only a moment to put on what you can." They left us; we never

spoke. I helped the poor child to dress; she was pale and trembling, but quiet and collected. I did not take time to dress myself fully, merely putting on my dressing-gown and the tweed tunic you bought me. My sealskin jacket was unfortunately locked up, so I huddled on my warm shawl, and tied up my head warmly. This took us about three minutes, at the end of which time Charlie and Mr. Henderson again appeared. I took your brother's arm, and we went into the saloon, Miss Henderson and her brother following. Charlie, bethinking himself of some useful things he had forgotten, left me in the saloon in order to get them from his own cabin. Thinking he remained too long, I followed him, and begged him to come at once, for I had heard the captain from the poop call aloud in an agonized tone, "Now then, come!" But whilst I had been waiting for him, I had run back to the cabin and got my rosary, which I put round my neck, and seized a pair of blankets. We made our way to the companion-hatch, but it was partly fastened up, so I was forced to drop my load of blankets, and creep through the small aperture which was left. Arm in arm, and followed by Miss Henderson and her brother, we walked to where some sailors were endeavoring to launch a boat. Charlie noticed to me that generally in shipwrecks the first boat launched is lost; and though I heard "Sails's" voice cry out, "I'll shoot any man who gets in before the women," I said to Charlie, "Don't go in that boat; remember wherever we go if there is not room for you there is not for me." He replied, "No, mother, we will live or die together."

We passed the Joselyn boys. Percy, the eldest—a fine fellow—I heard say to his younger brother, "We will stick together, old boy, whatever happens." I saw poor Captain M'Donald at the rigging, and would have spoken to him, but I knew he was a broken-hearted man, and like myself, preparing for eternity. I had not the least hope of being saved. Just then I heard Mrs. Walker, who unfortunately had got separated from her husband and child, ask Charlie to look for him, but he did not hear her; he was considering how I could be got into the port lifeboat. "Can you get on the bridge, mother?" he asked. I said "Yes"—though it was a place I dared not have attempted in daylight on a calm day. I got into it, I know not how. Charlie, and a sailor named Jack Wilson, pulled me up into the boat by the hands. The



moment I was lifted from the quarter-deck a sea swept over it, some of the water splashing on my face. That sea washed Miss Henderson from her brother's arms down to the main deck, and so the poor child was lost. Her brother told me afterwards that all she said to him was, "Oh Tom! we did not think it would end this way."

In the mean time the sailors were doing everything to have the boat ready, on the very slight hope of her floating clear of the ship, which we thought then was rapidly settling down. We sat awaiting our fate. A few farewells were exchanged. I said good-bye to my dear boy, and a pang of anguish went through me for his young life, so soon to be taken. It passed in a moment, and we were preparing ourselves as well as we could to meet our God when, wonderful to relate, a heavy sea came sweeping along over the poop, carrying everything with it to destruction; but instead of dashing our boat to pieces, or tumbling it from the beams on which it stood down to the deck, it caught it up and miraculously floated us between the main and mizzen rigging into the sea. I thought at the time we were going quietly into eternity. I felt Charlie's grasp tighten, and with a prayer on my lips I think I almost was gone. We had hardly breathed when Charlie suddenly almost threw me from him, and wrenching an oar out, shouted, "Saved! saved! by a miracle. Up, lads, and keep her off the ship!" It was pitch dark, in the dead of a winter night. We had few clothes, and the boat having been stove in on its passage across the deck, we were sitting almost up to our waists in water. Huge sprays washed over our shoulders; and so, surrounded by breakers and sharp rocks, we did not know which way to turn for safety. By dint of hard labor, and great caution, we managed to keep clear of every obstacle, and the boat was constantly baled to lighten her, but with little success. Indeed, had she not been a splendid lifeboat we should very soon have sunk. I sat silent in my corner, trying to comfort and warm poor Spencer Joselyn, who had hurt himself jumping into the boat. Percy, poor fellow, fell short in his leap, and was drowned. Charlie gave me his coat to hold whilst he pulled an oar, and I think that £155, which was in a pocket-book that he had saved, must then have been lost by dropping out of one of his pockets into the water in the boat, and then being baled overboard.

We beat about all night, not knowing

where we went, afraid of being drifted out to sea without food or water. "Breakers ahead!" and "Land, ho!" was the cry all night. Once, in the grey of the morning, we got a glimpse of the ship. She was leaning over a good deal, and looked very helpless and forlorn, and so sad. A little after day broke I was the first to see another boat. I gave a joyful scream, and the second mate, Mr. Peters, with some passengers and sailors, came to us and towed us to land. When we came to the landing-place I gave up in despair, for I saw nothing but a high perpendicular rock before me, impossible almost for a goat to find footing on. You know I am not very clever at climbing at the best of times, but weak and ill, stiff with cold and dripping wet, I felt I had no life in me, and could not do it. I said, "Charlie, I can't do it; you must leave me." "Nonsense," he said; and one of the seamen, Jack Wilson, added, "If there is anybody to be saved you will be." The sailors who had already mounted the rock soon managed to lower a rope with a loop in it, in which I sat, and was pulled up, assisted by Charlie and young Mr. Keith on either side. I was stunned with cold, and almost fainting, so that it seemed only a few minutes to me till Charlie came with the reeking-hot skins of two albatrosses and wrapped my feet in them. Oh, how delightful it was! Some one knocked down a white pigeon, which was cooked on some sticks and given to me. I thought I had never tasted anything so good. Mr. Peters, who all along had behaved with great presence of mind and gallantry, had been backwards and forwards to the wreck and brought off several boatfuls of people. He also picked up some wine, spirits, etc.—in fact all that was portable and useful. It soon got dark, and we were obliged to move higher up the rock, where a slight tent was erected and a plank was placed on the rock for me to lie upon. Some of the sailors covered me with their coats, but they were taken from me during the night by some of the passengers, and then, oh the agony I suffered in my limbs! Mr. Keith and Charlie had to move my feet and hands, and when I could bear it no longer I went outside and sat by a small fire they had lit. Black Jack gave me his own stockings, which were warm, for I had none,—the crew were all so kind to me.

The next day Mr. Peters brought the remainder of the survivors from the rigging of the wreck. The noble captain had been washed overboard shortly after Miss Henderson and the man at the helm, a

bright-eyed little fellow called Darkey on account of his gipsy-like complexion, who was washed away from his post with a part of the wheel in his hand. He had refused to leave it till the word to save himself was given; but the captain never lived to give it. There was a very interesting newly-married couple called Mr. and Mrs. Riddle. Mrs. Riddle had waited for him for eight years, and the poor man was frantic at the prospect of losing his young wife. A Mrs. Mobile, another young married woman, behaved with great heroism at the wreck. At all times a merry, laughing creature, and kind to every one, she tried hard to save the lives of some of the children, but without success. She was heard to ask, "Is there no hope?" "None." Then throwing her arms round her husband's neck, she said, "I will die with you."

To return to the island. Next day Walter Smith, the sailmaker, and Mike O'Reardan, an A.B., brought me a suit of manly garments — Mike giving me the shirt from his back. Trousers, my flannel petticoat, and a "monkey-jacket" completed my outfit; but either the trousers were curiously made or else I was, for we did not get on well together. I kept them though, and they were most useful to Charlie afterwards.

I will now only give you a few incidents of our island life, as Charlie is writing a full account, which you will receive with this letter. I was very near death several times; had it not been for Charlie's constant care and tenderness I should really have gone — it was such a long time of suffering and endurance. The eggs saved my life twice, and there was a little of the famous "Redheart rum" put away for the use of the sick by Mr. Peters, which did me incalculable good. I felt I could not last long. One morning, the 21st January, I awoke quite cheerful and bright, saying, "Charlie, I've seen the ship" (we never dreamt of any but the one that was to take us off). In the afternoon, as Charlie went out of our own little "shanty," he shouted, "Sail, ho!" and immediately ran towards the flag-staff. I sank on my knees at the entrance, and wept tears of joy. Soon I saw the ship turn towards our island, and then I began to prepare. Charlie came back to give me one or two articles of his apparel, that I might look somewhat more respectable, for my wardrobe was reduced to a flannel shirt and petticoat much the worse for wear, and (what I considered very grand) the polonaise you bought me — everything as well

as myself black, greasy, and smelling horribly fishy, though we did not notice it at that time. What moments of delight were these! We first hurried to one side of the island, then to another, scrambling over rocks, holes, and slime — no easy matter. At last we arrived at our old landing-place. I could get down to a certain part of the rock in safety, but from there I had to be lowered into the boat in a "bowline." To the uninitiated this bowline looks a very carelessly-made knot, but it is strong notwithstanding.

When I was hanging above the sea, I heard "Sails" shout out, "Don't scrape her; rather throw her into the water;" but I meekly expostulated that I rather preferred being scraped. Poor "Sails" was ready to jump in for me, being half stripped; and the last thing I clung to on the island was his smooth fat neck. I hung in mid-air, and when the boat rose on the swell I was lowered into Captain Gifford's arms and placed safely in the boat. The ship was a whaler named the "Young Phoenix," Captain Gifford. Charlie, Mr. Peters, "Sails," and two invalids came off with us at the same time. Captain Gifford congratulated me on my fortitude. He said some men had to be helped, and would scarcely come at all. Long before we reached the ship I was sick, of course. Captain Gifford insisted on my staying in the boat, and it was hoisted up with me on board. The first moment that Captain Gifford saw distressed people on the island, rightly judging they could not all be got off the rock that night, he had thoughtfully provisioned the boats, even to tobacco. I was taken down-stairs and met by an "angel," as she seemed to me, with such a fair, tender face — a tall, slender woman, like a lily, in her fresh cotton gown. She took me dirty, wretched, sick, in her arms, and immediately got a tub of water to wash me, for I could do nothing, I was so ill and weak. She washed, clothed, and fed me with the tenderest gentleness. The best of everything was given me. A bed was arranged on a sofa, with pillows, sheets, and blankets. For seven months I had thought it a luxury to get a flat stone to sit on, and had hardly ever lain down without my feet in a pool of water; and now, surrounded by every comfort, I did not speak or think, but could only lie and wonder, and thank Almighty God for his mercy. Next day the sickness wore off, and I was able to enjoy the nice little American dainties she brought me. I think she herself scarcely ate anything whilst we were on board, she

was so delighted. She had said to her husband when he was going for us, "Bring me a woman," she was so home-sick, poor thing!—having been at sea a considerable time already, with no prospect of seeing home for many long months. Five happy days we stayed on board bound for the Mauritius, though the captain, by thus taking us out of his way, was losing a fishing-season, a serious matter for a whaler, and he had not been very successful already. Curiously enough, not long before, he had picked up the crew of a deserted vessel numbering about thirty, so far as I can recollect. On the fifth day a ship hove in sight. We "spoke" her, and her captain agreed to take twenty of us. I preferred stopping; but the second mate, Mr. Peters, and most of the passengers, went with her. She was the "Sierra Morena." I was exceedingly sorry to part with Mr. Peters, who had all along proved so kind to me. In the afternoon of the same day, as Captain Gifford and I were comfortably chatting in our small "sanctum," José, the little steward, came down with the news that there was another sail on the "lee bow." Up went the captain on deck; and I, very sorrowful, was preparing to get ready to be transhipped, when I was told not to stir till we learned more particulars. In the mean time I saw the captain's wife busily employed packing up a whole lot of her best things for me to take; but I would only accept from her a change of commoner ones, as she had previously given me a very handsome rep wrapper, and various other articles, including a waterproof, and lovely shoes and stockings. Such shoes! She is a full head taller than I, yet her feet are smaller, and mine, you know, are not very large. Besides, though she does all work on board of the vessel, her hands are small and beautifully white. We signalled this ship as we had done the other, and it was arranged that the remainder of us, twenty-four in all, should go on board the new vessel. We were without exception exceedingly sorry to part with our American friends. Mrs. Gifford cried when I left her, and would scarcely let me go; and Captain Gifford at the very last said, if I had the least objection to going, that Charlie and I could remain with them, and they would be very glad to have us. However, we went away; and the last I saw of Eleanor Gifford leaning over the side with a kerchief round her head and a tender, half-sad look in her eyes, recalled to my mind the sweet face of my vision on the island. All honor to the American

flag. We should most likely have been on the island now but for their humanity. Captain and Mrs. Gifford are pure Americans; and if I am able in other years when they return to New Bedford, I shall almost dare cross the ocean to see them once more. Captain Gifford is as tall for a man as his wife is for a woman. He has the rather long face of the American, but he is very handsome. They had a very fine harmonium on board, but I was too weak to use my feet to blow, so I sat wrapped in a blanket on her knee, she using her feet and I playing. The "Young Phoenix" will go to the Mauritius in about six months, where Mrs. Gifford will stay some time for a rest. She would have made her visit then had we gone on with them.

Had you seen me at first you would not have known me. I was a perfect skeleton; my eyes sunken and hollow, with a wild burning light in them horrible to see; my skin white and like a dead person's, my hands transparent, my hair short, and my figure gaunt, tottering, and with a dreadful stoop. For the first three months on the island I could not walk a yard without assistance, even through the shanty. It was all rock and slippery stones, and the least wind blew me down. When I got a little better, Charlie would take me out a few yards and I returned myself. If no one was about to give me a help, I generally crawled on my hands and knees. Afterwards, when we got to our own little hole on the other side of the island, I got rather stronger, and was able and proud to go to the spring for water, escaping with only two or three falls. You never saw such an uncompromising place. On my way to the well I passed through crowds of penguins without fear. I think they were surprised at my appearance.

But to return to the "Childers" (the ship we are now in): she belongs to Liverpool, and is commanded by Captain M'Phee, who is very kind to me. The living is good; plenty of nice vegetables, delightful bread, and eatables of all kinds, and lots of preserved fruits and jams. If you have any nice home-made, I can tell you they will suffer in comparison. Since the first day, I have never been sick, and have an enormous appetite. The consequence is, I am getting fast like myself, and my bones are quite getting covered. I had no idea they were so small. Captain M'Phee gave me a curtain (Dolly Varden print) to make a skirt of—a fancy blue shirt for a bodice, and his own white linen coats for jackets. My constitution

is entirely changed. Before, I was always seasick, which is not the case now; and when I crossed the line before, I never perspired—the result being that I felt the heat exceedingly; but now I am in a constant bath, and so have neither red face nor suffering. Charlie looks and is well and firm now. From the effects of the exposure and bad feeding on the island, his hair had got quite flaxen, which didn't suit him at all; but now it has nearly recovered its original color. One day on the island, when food was scarce and hunting hard, he was quite worn out and burst into tears. Poor fellow! I felt that more than anything that happened to me. He has shown himself a grand fellow, cool and steady in danger, with all his wits about him. Such tender care he took of me too, never making a fuss about what he did! You would have thought he had been the only one shipwrecked before. All the others were extravagant and wasteful with clothes, string, etc. He got many out of a difficulty by supplying a little of the latter commodity, and at the last he was the only one with a lashing for carrying his birds. He won the respect of all, especially the sailors, with whom he was a great favorite. In the evenings, when the day's work was done, I would amuse Charlie by telling him all the little stories I could remember about his own, your, and even my childhood, which took back our minds to home, and never failed to interest, however often repeated.

Some of the men were great favorites of mine. Walter Smith, or "Sails," as we always called him, was a gem in his way. He would knock down his enemy one minute, and the next risk his life for him, and when he had a friendship it was to the death; he was always so generous and kind—so were they all. The three apprentices were very fine lads. Frank Carmichael seemed a little delicate, but Ned Preston and Harold Turner were more robust, and capital hunters. On Christmas-day Harold brought me three eggs out of five that he had buried for himself when the eggs were plentiful. I shall not forget such a generous action. There are many other little anecdotes I might tell, but it would make my letter too long; however, there is one I must not forget. John Evans, A. B., or "Old Jack" as we called him, one day when food was very scarce, brought me a small duck roasted, which he had been lucky enough to kill and get cooked. Though starving himself, he freely gave me this delicacy, and insisted on my taking it. It requires

a person to be under similar circumstances in order to appreciate such self-sacrifices as I have mentioned. As for Mr. Peters, I think him the *beau ideal* of an officer. On the island he did not belie the good opinion that the poor captain had of him. He never spared himself in any work. In danger he was cool-headed, and nothing seemed to turn him away from doing what he thought was right. I am afraid you must think me very confused in my head, judging from my letter. First I am on the island; then on board the whaler or "Childers," and then back to the island again; but I have written this letter from day to day, and put down just whatever ideas came uppermost. So to go back again to the "Childers." The crew here are all blacks, some rather handsome. They are a very merry lot, and, when work is done, fond of a little music or dancing. We have had very squally weather. The ship has to go where there is wind, which makes my heart beat—in fact I shall be more or less terrified till I get on solid ground again in Old England. We hope we will not be very long before we reach Rangoon. It would be rather awkward landing in a strange place without a *son* in our pockets, but I suppose somebody will have pity on us till we get money. Oh, I am thoroughly sick of the sea! No more going to the seaside in summer. I am bringing home quite a valuable book of receipts which the steward has very kindly given me—quite Yankee notions, and very good ones too. I mean to be no end of a cook when I get home. I have studied the theory on that desolate island in our grim solitude. At present everything is "I wonder" to us. I wonder what you and Richard are doing where you are, and what everybody is thinking about us. I felt so sorely for you not knowing what had become of us. I am thankful I was not at home, the suspense would have driven me crazy. I hope dear old friends are all well both in England and Scotland. I shall not write more than this one letter, so please send it to my sisters, and all our relations and friends who may be interested.

After such a long ramble, fancy us being landed at Burmah, of all places! With the exception of two rings and the rosary Mrs. Dycer gave me, I have not a relic of my past life. Even when I thought I was going to the bottom, I regretted our lovely picture of your dear father (a life-size painting of my husband when a boy, with his favorite pony—the figure by Sir Henry Raeburn, and the animal by Howe). However, we have ourselves, and it has been

Almighty God's will that we should lose the rest. Once I had a delightful dream of your kitchen at Bebbington, full of lovely clean clothes airing' before the fire. It was quite a treat to me, squalid, ragged, and cold as I was. I only slept about three nights in the week — my bed was so hard and uncomfortable. It is almost worth being shipwrecked to experience so much kindness. Captain M'Phee is very kind. His family live in Liverpool, and his wife often goes with him. I would not like to be a sailor's wife. I was always afraid of building castles in the air about seeing you again. I scarcely dared think of you. Frank Carmichael, one of the apprentices, and I were wondering whether any masses were being said for us on All Souls' Day. By the by, you had better write to his mother, and tell her he is safe, and behaved like a man at the wreck. Her address is ——. I shall have so much to hear when I get home — all good news, I trust. I would like to forget all the hardships and disagreeables of the last seven months; but I trust I shall never forget all Almighty God has done for us, — our life and preservation on the island was all a miracle. Fancy living all that time on a barren rock, with a little rank grass on it, not even brushwood! The men knew I had a daughter, but I had never said what like you were. Mike dreamt of you, and to my amazement gave me an exact description of you — hair a shade lighter than mine — even to your rapid walk and short steps. I hope the ship we come home in will go to Liverpool. Love to my sister, brothers, and all kind friends. Oh how I weary to be at home again! We are such queer-looking figures here, with as few clothes as we can possibly do with, lazy and weary — the sea is such a dreary, monotonous life. I can't think how any one can choose it. Charlie is quite satiated with his experiences of it. If it were not for home-sickness, I think I would like to have a peep at Indian life. To-day it is nearly a calm, what little breeze there is being in the wrong direction. We sighted Sumatra two days ago. My life here is this: get up at seven, bath, etc.; breakfast at eight; and then, after having worked everything there was to work, and read everything there was to read, a little writing is all I can do. I expect this erratic mode of writing will account for some of the rambling. Dinner at twelve; sleep an hour; then after that the heat is simply intolerable. Tea at five: go on deck to see the sun go down. Walk and sit on deck till nine or so. A glass of *eau sucrée*,

and go to bed. Ah! it is tiresome. Bed, indeed! *Our* ideas of bed are usually associated with thoughts of rest; but on the "Strathmore" we had fleas, on the whaler cockroaches, in this ship we have a pleasing variety of rats. The fleas and rats I don't mind; so much so, that the rats run all over me at night in a friendly way. I merely give them a slight shake and weak shoo! I will never recover my figure, my back is so bent and weak; the salt bathing is doing it *some* good. How I wish I was steaming away to England! I expect you will all be very much astonished when you get our telegram. Unless anything very exciting happens, I will not write any more till we are sailing up the Irawaddy.

When people are dead, a great many virtues are generally found out about them unknown before. I trust ours will be remembered now, even though we are unromantically in life. Ill though I was, I felt I *couldn't* die on that desolate island. But I must not abuse it. I daresay we were healthier there than we should have been on a more favored island. We are now in the Andaman Sea. It is as calm as a lake — scarcely a breath of wind. How lovely the sunsets are! and the moon and stars, how dazzling and brilliant! Lightning playing about all night. People at home have no idea of lightning or rain; here it comes in sheets, not drops. I am in great pain with rheumatism all down my spine and right side, and such dreadful throbbing at my heart. I can hardly breathe.

24th March. — Arrived at Rangoon; people most kind. Just going to post. With love from both. — Your affectionate mother,  
FRANCES WORDSWORTH.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### LAST CENTURY MAGAZINES.

THE extraordinary development of periodical literature in recent years is a very notable feature of modern civilization. By some this phenomenon is regarded as an unhealthy symptom of our intellectual condition, indicating an age of superficial culture and much fragmentary and aimless reading. But, whatever may be thought of it, the fact itself is undeniable. At the present time, according to the "Newspaper Press Directory," upwards of six hundred and thirty magazines are in course of publication, representing a most heterogeneous aggregate of thought and opinion, or of what passes for such. All political par-



ties, every sect and section of a sect, every little coterie of opinionists — nay, almost every trade and profession — has its special organ in the periodical press. Conservatives and Liberals, Churchmen and Dissenters, engineers and botanists, spiritualists, antiquaries, grocers, milliners, hairdressers, and a hundred other fractions of society are all represented. By the aid of previous numbers of the same directory we learn that a large proportion of these journals — probably one-half of the whole number — have come into existence during the last twenty years.

It is curious to turn from such a state of things to the prolonged and feeble infancy of magazines. In nearly all respects — in number, in ability, in circulation, in moral tone, and in the general character of the contributions — the two periods afford a remarkable contrast. There were for many years practically only three journals of the magazine species, strictly so called. These were the well-known *Gentleman's Magazine*, originated by Cave in 1731, the *London Magazine*, established the following year, and, after an interval of seven years, the *Scots Magazine*, begun in 1739. There were other literary ventures, no doubt — “Monthly Chronicles,” “Mercuries,” and the like, but, except the three just named, none of them survived beyond a very few years. The professed object of the original promoters of these publications was a very humble and modest one. It appears to have been little else than to give a monthly summary, in a convenient form, of the more important articles (often very unimportant) contributed to the newspapers of the day — what would nowadays be called “the spirit of the press.” In the introductory chapter to the first volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* the design is thus rather awkwardly stated: —

This may serve to illustrate the Reasonableness of our present Undertaking, which in the first place is to give monthly a View of all the Pieces of Wit, Humour, or Intelligence daily offer'd to the Publick in the Newspapers (which of late are so multiply'd as to render it impossible, unless a man makes it a business, to consult them all), and in the next place we shall join therewith some other matters of Use or Amusement that will be communicated to us.

The contents of the magazine and its two companion journals exactly corresponded to this for many years. Of what is understood now as “original articles” there were very few examples, and the chief dependence of the editors was on borrowed assistance. The comparative

difficulty of filling a magazine in those days is half comically, half pathetically bewailed by Lloyd, the friend of Cowper: —

While duly each revolving moon —  
Which often comes, God knows, too soon —  
Continual plagues my soul molest,  
And magazines disturb my rest;  
While scarce a night I steal to bed  
Without a couplet in my head;  
And in the morning when I stir  
Pop comes a devil, “Copy, sir!”

Southey adds: “During eighteen months he had continued to fulfil his monthly task, though at length in such exhaustion of means and spirits that he seems to have admitted any communication, however worthless or reprehensible in a worse way.” The journal edited by Lloyd was called the *St. James' Magazine*.

As time rolled on, however, and the undertakings prospered, one or two regular contributors became attached to the respective staffs. Chief among those — a host indeed in himself — was Dr. Johnson, whose engagement by Cave for his publication proved a valuable accession. So early as the close of 1734 we find him writing to the publisher suggesting improvements in the poetical department of the magazine. From his remarks it may be inferred that the quality of the contributions was then very poor.

“By this method,” he says, after describing his own plan, “your literary article — for so it might be called — will be better recommended to the public than by low jests, awkward buffoonery, or the dull scurrilities of either party.”

It was not, however, till four years afterwards, in 1738, that Johnson's connection with the journal formally began. At this time the largest portion of each issue was occupied by the summaries of the borrowed articles referred to, known as the “Weekly Essays and Disputes.” Many — indeed, most — of these communications were ridiculously short, seldom exceeding a page, and sometimes not more than a column or half a page. In one number of the *London Magazine* we counted in the table of contents sixty-four articles in thirty-seven pages.

The papers themselves — and the remark is also applicable to many of their own early articles — were, in the main, poor and ineffective. Little discussions on manners or the minor morals, on dress, fashion, and the relations of the sexes, recipes for various ailments, hints on household management, moral essays of the

debating-society kind; these, with the interchange of personalities between political writers, include the bulk of the articles then thought worthy of reprinting. They are, it need scarcely be said, infinitely inferior to that series of essays which has delighted many generations of English readers, of which the "Spectator" is the best known type and representative. There was one important and obvious difference. In the latter case the writers were essayists proper, not newsmongers, and, further, the contributions were throughout, or nearly so, in the "Spectator" class of journals, the work of a few hands, authors of eminence and genius. Such men as Steele, Johnson, Addison, and Savage were certainly not to be compared with the mob of hack writers who then flooded the newspapers with their puerilities and personalities.

Of the remaining available space three or four pages were generally devoted to poetry, or what passed as such in that age. There are many lovesick and monotonous epistles to Celia, Lavinia, and other fair ones; sundry imitations and translations of the classics, decidedly better in quality; odes to envy, melancholy, and the rest, varied occasionally by an apostrophe to a bee, or a favorite spaniel, or the month of May; and much other mediocre versification. The debates in Parliament formed also an important item in the list of contents. The series of articles of this description furnished to the *Gentleman's Magazine* under the title of "The Senate of Lilliput" was Johnson's best-known contribution to that journal. His reproductions of the speeches must have been often very free versions, for Boswell remarks that "sometimes he had nothing more communicated to him than the names of the several speakers, and the part which they had taken in the debate." Generally, however, the monthly Parliamentary article was founded on the notes of Guthrie and others. Some readers may possibly not be aware of the obstacles existing at this period to the publication of the discussions in Parliament, when fictitious names and other expedients were resorted to in order to avoid prosecution. The disguises were of various kinds, often of an anagrammatic character. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for example, *hurgo* stood for lord, and *Hurgoes Hickrad, Castrollet*, and *Brustath*, represented Lords Hardwick, Chesterfield and Bathurst, while in the *Clinabs*, or *Commons*, we have such barbarous disguises as *Snadsy*, *Gandahm*, *Feauks*, *Pulnub*, for Sandys,

Windham, Fox, and Pulteney. *Degulia* did duty for Europe, *Blefuscu* for France, *Dancram* for Denmark, and London and Westminster were known as *Mildendo* and *Belfaborac*. In the *Scots Magazine* the names of the speakers took a classical form. Sir R. Walpole was *M. Tullius Cicero*, the Earl of Halifax *M. Horatius Barbatus*, and so on. Afterwards, when Johnson found that people believed the speeches to be genuine, he resolved to write no more of them, considering that he was thereby being accessory to the propagation of falsehood.

A chapter of casualties is usually added, and notices of the preferments and promotions for the month, ecclesiastical, civil, and military. There is also a page or more of births, marriages, and deaths, with lists of new books, bankrupts, and (strange to modern ears) captures at sea, prices of grain (not at Mark Lane, but at Bear Key, the then market) and stocks, bills of mortality, etc., etc.

From this brief inventory of contents it is obvious that to many readers, especially in the country (and the circulation was large in the provinces), these journals would serve very much the purposes of the modern newspaper. In many cases, probably, the monthly number would be the chief medium of communication with the outer world. And the change is worth remarking that not only have magazines now ceased to supply news, but some newspapers even, so-called, confine themselves to criticism and discussion.

In looking over these records of our grandfathers' time many curious peculiarities come to light. In matters of taste and public interest, in the use and meaning of words, in the spelling of many words and places, and in various other literary fashions, there are things worth a passing notice, and often suggestive of the social changes which have since passed over society. Orthography, to begin with, presents many variations from the present practice. The following are examples taken at random: ambergreece, head ach, grainery, conveyers, goal always for gaol, radishes, hypocacuanae, tyger, burrows for boroughs, or, as the Scotch have it, burghs, waste instead of waist. A whole series of words have double l's, besides other peculiarities, such as solicitors, sallad, sellery, collyflower, and the like. In the names of places there are also numerous differences — Air for Ayr, Eaton for Eton, Killichranky, Petersburg always without the prefix "St.;" Turky, Paisly, and such words without the penultimate letter;

Ilfordcomb, Spittlefields, and, more singular still, an instance of Wight Isle instead of the Isle of Wight. Orthography, as all students know, is a very weak point in all books more than a century old. In many works of the seventeenth century the same person's name is frequently spelt in three or four different ways.

The disuse and change of meaning of various words is a noticeable feature. There is, among others, billiard *mast* for cue, *author* instead of editor (of a magazine), *composure* for composition (an author's latest composure), and *canal* as in the following sentence: "Permit me through the canal of your magazine to make some remarks," etc. "Iller" we find as a comparative to ill, equivalent to worse. In measurements foot is apparently used in the singular and plural indifferently. Thus, something is said to be ninety-two foot in front and one hundred and thirty-two foot in depth. Overset is always employed for upset or overturned, and in the *Scots Magazine* there is the word *machine* in the slang sense as a term for a conveyance, a use of the word common in the north, and usually supposed to be modern. "Trap" is the English equivalent. "The Works of William Shensstone, Esq., with Decorations," is an example of an obsolete signification of the latter word.

The mode of inserting the marriages and deaths of wealthy people is amusing to a more reticent age. In their impertinent references to the private affairs of the persons mentioned these notices remind one of an unpleasant feature of American journalism. The following are ordinary specimens of this species of public gossiping:—

Mr. John Wilks, jun., an eminent distiller of Clerkenwell, to Miss Hope, of 10000*l.* Fortune.

John Clark of Stratford in Essex, Esq., married to Mrs. Westfield, relict of Mr. Westfield, an eminent Grocer, of 3000*l.* Fortune.

Mr. Walcot, worth 3000*l. per annum*, to Miss Dashwood, a 12000*l.* Fortune, niece of Dr. King, Master of the Charter-House.

"Eminent" is a favorite epithet. Besides eminent statesmen, generals, artists, we hear of an "eminent" grocer, an "eminent" butcher. In stating the amount of the "fortunes" the sign for pounds, it will be observed, is always put *after* the sum, not before. The young and reverend gentleman who figures in the next extract deserves a place among "the posterities," and we have pleasure in passing his name and example on to another century:—

The Rev. Mr. Roger Waind of York, about 26 years of age, to a Lincolnshire Lady upwards of 80, with whom he has 3000*l.* in money, 300*l. per annum*, and a coach and four during life only.

Sometimes the singularity takes the form of vagueness of detail, as in the following notice of a birth, where there is neither date nor locality:—

The Lady of the Lord Viscount Limerick, about this Time, brought to Bed of a Son.

There are some obituary items, curious in their way:—

Mr. Horne, an eminent banker and chief lamplighter to His Majesty, a place of about 600*l. per annum*.

The connection between banking and lamplighting is not very obvious.

Mrs. Tuckey of Leicestershire, aunt to Mr. Tuckey, of Five-Foot Lane, Southwark, a noted Hog-Butcher. She was possessed of upwards of 3000*l. per annum*, which she has left to him and his family.

Mrs. Newton, a Maiden Lady, vastly rich, in Queen Square.

Obituaries suggest a passing allusion to the extraordinary number of centenarians, and something more, whose deaths are inserted.

It is, of course, highly questionable if all that are mentioned as living so long beyond the allotted span were really as old as they are said to be. Mortality was relatively much greater (from fifty to sixty per cent.) than now, but that might co-exist with particular individuals attaining an unwonted age. On the other hand, there was no proper or efficient system of registration of births, and there is a strong tendency in many old people to exaggerate their age. In the *Scots Magazine* for January 1760 eight deaths are recorded of persons alleged to be over a century, their ages being respectively 121, 105, 104, 101, 104, 100, 115, 111. The probabilities are that a large majority of the cases are not authentic, and that the producible proof of their correctness would not be accepted as sufficient by any one qualified to judge of the value of evidence. In February of the same year there are five instances of abnormal longevity, nearly all perfect antediluvians in years. The youngest is 102, and the others range to 105, 111, 116, 127. In March there are three about one hundred, and in April six are inserted, all, however, on the Continent. In June 1739 there is an entry of the death of a Scotch woman in St. Margaret's Workhouse, Westminster, at the incredible age of 138,

and in November of the same year another case appears from Ireland where the alleged age is 135.

Nothing occurs to us as more forcibly illustrated by the magazine literature of last century than the great change that has taken place in public taste and ideas of public propriety. There are occasional articles, both in prose and verse, in all of these journals which, were they published now, would be thought shocking; indeed, no periodical would dare to print them. This, of course, does not necessarily imply that the morality of that age was so much worse than our own. It is an evidence rather of coarseness of manners than of greater actual criminality. Swift's indecencies, some of the worst of which are here reproduced at length, were bad enough, certainly, even in the grosser atmosphere of the time, but any similar production now would imply a much lower standard both of taste and morality. Another form in which this comparative indelicacy of manners and sentiment manifests itself is the insertion of medical cases such as now only appear in strictly professional publications. In many of those the most painful and loathsome details are given with the utmost minuteness and at great length. It may be considered as a palliation, however, that these early magazines, as has been already mentioned, besides their more general and legitimate functions, included in their scope both the professional journal and the newspaper of the present day. Some of the names given to various diseases are odd-looking. There is "asthma and tizzick," "head-mould-shot," "horse-shoehead," and "water in the head," "white ives," "chin-cough" for whooping-cough, and scrofula is known only by its old designation king's evil, or more frequently and laconically "evil." An impressive commentary on the comparative immunity of later times from the ravages of small-pox is also furnished by these tables. Out of 30,811 deaths in the London bill of mortality for 1740 not less than 2,725—about one in eleven—are caused by this scourge, the most fatal disease on the list with three exceptions—convulsions, whatever that meant, consumption, and fevers of all kinds collectively. Other years show corresponding results. Vaccination, it will be remembered, was not general until the beginning of the century. The population of London in 1740 was probably about six hundred and thirty thousand. Macaulay gives nearly five hundred and thirty

thousand in 1685, and in 1801 (first census) it was 876,594.

Under the head of "Casualties" in the same bill of mortality (1740)—and it is not very exceptional—there are some dismal details. Thirteen persons were executed in the metropolis, and this appears to be about the average annual number. At the same rate there would be now, according to population, about sixty or seventy executions in London every year. Fifteen are registered as "starved," seventy-eight (infants) were "overlaid," ninety-seven died from excessive drinking, fifty-five were found dead, and the same number committed suicide. The total London "casualties" for the year number four hundred and sixty-two, a frightfully large proportion, considering the population, of deaths resulting from other than natural causes.

This period, as we gather from the monthly lists of new books, was an age of pamphlets and small trumpery publications. A large proportion of them were mere ephemera—threepenny and sixpenny tracts. Nor is this superfluity of petty literary effort difficult to account for. The attempts at verse, or the moral or political essays which in another century might be accepted by an editor, appeared in the form of cheap separate *brochures*, and lived their little hour, or, mayhap, never lived at all. The bulk of them were doubtless poor and worthless, many we know were highly scurrilous, and some were probably even worse, if we may form an opinion from their very equivocal titles. A dreary catalogue of trifles it is, relieved at long intervals by some work which has come down to posterity. Here is one possessing more interest in 1875 than it did in 1732: "Acis and Galatea, an English Pastoral Opera, in three acts, set to music by Mr. Handel;" or in another department, "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman." Of the latter there seems to have been several imitations, or "apes," as the phrase then was. Another notable entry about 1755 is as follows: "Some Account of a Dictionary of the English Language, by Samuel Johnson, A.M., in two vols. folio, 580 sheets."

We find, in 1760, that in response to a petition of the magistrates of Crail, a small town in Fife, the General Assembly appointed a collection in all the churches in Scotland in aid of the funds for repairing the harbor of that ancient burgh. The "dissidence of dissent," it is needless to say, was then unknown. In the same

volume we notice, thus early, the medical repute of a district since become famous — the Malvern Hills. An "extraordinary instance of the efficacy" of the Malvern waters in the cure of an inveterate skin-disease is the subject of a lengthy communication from a Dr. Wall of Worcester to *Mr. Urban*.

The record of a "miracle" below has considerable humor and an unexpected ending: —

By the Paris A-la-main we are told that they write from Mocon, near Nogent, upon the Seine in France, that as a couple of men were digging a grave in the churchyard there, they turned up the head of a dead person, which they threw upon the grass; but it had not lain there long ere it was perceived to move. The fellows went in a very great hurry to acquaint the parson of the parish, that a saint had been interred in the very place where they were at work: whereupon the parson went immediately to the spot, and was so surprised at the prodigy when he saw it, that he cried out, *A miracle! A miracle!* as did also the rest of the spectators; and not being willing to stir from so precious a relic, he sent for his crucifix, his holy-water bottle, his surplice, his stole, and his square cap, and caused all the bells to be rung, to give notice of it to the parishioners; who assembling together in great numbers, he ordered a dish to be brought, wherein he put the head, covered it with a napkin, and carried it in procession to the church. The people had great disputes by the way upon account of the several claims of affinity to the sacred skull: but they were soon pacified; for when the head was arrived at the church, and placed upon the high altar, while *Te Deum* was singing upon the occasion, just as they came to that verse, *The holy church throughout the world doth acknowledge Thee*, &c., a mole leaped out of the head; upon which discovery of the cause of its motion, the parson put a stop to *Te Deum*, and the inhabitants went quietly home.

The references in these journals to the current political questions of the time need only be mentioned here in the most cursory way. In the early numbers we find much violent discussion regarding such topics as the character and work of William — the repeal of the Septennial Act — the famous Spirituous Liquors Bill, or the Gin Act as it was popularly called — the unhappy differences in the royal family; and farther on there is abundance of equally combustible matter. The inquiry into the administration of Walpole, the reform of the calendar, and the rebellion of 1745, are the most prominent subjects during these later years. The persistence, variety, and bitterness of the attacks on Walpole are something wonderful. There

are diatribes in prose and in verse, in essays, in dialogues, in Parliamentary speeches, in letters to the editor — in every possible form of invective. He was the "grand corruptor," the "insolent tyrant," the "political pimp" of the age. The change from old to new style, mainly due to the influence of Lord Chesterfield, provoked a great deal of amusing commentary and animadversion.

The following letter is a fair sample of the pleasantries occasioned by the "lost eleven days": —

How is all this? I desire to know plainly and truly! I went to bed last night, it was *Wednesday, Sept. 2*, and the first thing I cast my eye upon this morning at the top of your paper was *Thursday, Sept. 14*. I did not go to bed till between one and two: have I slept away eleven days in seven hours, or how is it? For my part, I don't find I am any more refreshed than after a common night's sleep.

They tell me there's an Act of Parliament for this. . . . That the bench of bishops should agree to it is, I confess, an astonishment to me. What do their reverences intend to do about *St. Enurclus*? Who he was I don't know, nor, I suppose, you nor they neither; but that's neither here nor there; you'll find him in your Prayer-book: look into the calendar, and his name stands right against the 7th of September. I don't know whether I'm right awake, but if I am there's no 7th of September this year.

He had also lost his intended wife, who had promised to marry him on the 10th of September: —

A fine affair, sir, that a man must be cheated out of his wife by a parcel of *mockmaticians* and *almanack-makers* before he has her; a new sort of divorce truly. But, however, it is by Parliament.

Going back to August 1732 we find an "Account of the Designs of the Trustees for Establishing the Colony of Georgia in America." The advantages likely to result are pointed out in rather a rose-colored fashion, but it is worthy of observation that the one great source of the future wealth and prosperity of the province is, as yet, undreamt of. Silk, wine, oil, drugs, and other articles are included in the list of probable productions, but *cotton* is not once mentioned. Thirty years, even, after that date, however, the whole cotton trade of the Manchester district did not exceed 200,000*l. per annum*. The following resolution of the "Committee of Trade" at Norwich in 1736 is also interesting in this connection, and looks like a foreseeing of the great future extension of the infant industry.



Experiment having been made by some of the principal woollen manufacturers of this city of cotton yarn spun here, it is very probable, if they proceed on that manufacture, that this city will be as famous for *cotton* as it is for *worsted stuffs*. Resolved, therefore, that a subscription be made for raising a sum of money to be given to such person as shall produce to the Committee of Trade, at the Guild-hall in this City, on *Midsummer Day* next, the best piece of stuff, twenty yards long and one broad, weaved of cotton wool and linnen yarn, within this city; and to encourage workmen to excell in weaving cotton stuffs, resolved, that a guinea be given to the journeyman or person who shall weave the piece so judged the best, as aforesaid.

Norwich at that time was the third city of the empire, and a place of much wealth and distinction (the Martineau family settled here on being driven from France), but she was not destined to realize the patriotic wishes of her citizens in becoming the cottonopolis of the country. That honor passed to Manchester, a small town then with a population of less than twenty thousand.

As a pendant to this, reference may be made to a letter which we find in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1742 on the Scotch linen trade, where it is mentioned that the quantity of *linen* annually imported from Holland was about thirty-two millions of yards! In a previous letter there is an elaborate attempt to show the superiority of the Scotch linens to those of Holland, and the propriety of course of supporting the home manufacture. Four years after, in 1746, with the view of promoting this industry, the British Linen Company was established, now known, however, not as a manufacturing concern, but as one of the great joint-stock banks of Scotland. The extracts below are from the *Scots Magazine* of 1746:—

George II. &c. Whereas James, Earl of Lauderdale, and several other Noblemen and Gentlemen, have, by humble petition, represented unto us, That the linen manufacture of G. Britain, through our encouragement, has within a little time made such progress as to equal in quality the foreign linen manufactures; that by the increase of this manufacture many thousand families, which otherwise would be a burden on the publick, are employed in it, without detriment to any other . . . And whereas the petitioners have likewise represented that, if we would incorporate them by a Royal Charter, divers persons would be disposed to subscribe considerable sums for promoting so beneficial a manufacture: Know ye, therefore, that we, for us, our heirs, and successors, do, by these presents, grant, constitute, declare, and appoint,

That said James, Earl of Lauderdale, and William, Earl of Pannure, &c. &c.

One of the provisions in the charter is to the effect that no Papists, or persons not subjects of Great Britain, are eligible for any office in the company, and every officer in the company, from my Lord Duke of Argyll downwards, must take the oath of supremacy and allegiance.

Another clause shows from what small beginnings the present great establishment, with twelve hundred partners, seventy-two branch banks, and eight millions of deposits, has grown:—

That Ebenezer Macculloch and William Tod, merchants in Edinburgh, be Managers for the Company, under the Court of Directors, *quamdiu se bene gesserint*; that in the warehouse at Edinburgh there be four officers, or servants, viz. a Book-keeper and Accountant; two Staplers, to give out the yarn, receive the cloth, &c.; and a Porter; with salaries not exceeding 150*l.* in whole; and that none of the Company's officers or servants take any fee, reward, or present from those who deal with the Company, or keep a public-house for retailing liquors, or be concerned in retailing merchandise, or in taking pledges for money lent.

The severity of the repressive measures for putting down disaffection in the north extended even to sumptuary matters, as will be seen from a clause in the act for disarming the Highlands immediately after the Rebellion of 1745:—

And it is further enacted, That from and after the 1st of August 1747, no man or boy within Scotland, other than such as shall be employed as officers and soldiers in the King's forces, shall, on any pretence whatsoever, wear or put on the cloaths commonly called *Highland cloaths*, that is to say, the plaid, pliebeg, or little kilt, trouse, shoulder-belts, or any part whatsoever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland garb; and that no tartan, or party-coloured plaid or stuff shall be used for great coats, or for upper coats; and if any such person shall, after said 1st of August, wear or put on the aforesaid garments, or any part of them, every such person so offending, being convicted thereof by the oath of one or more witnesses before any court of justiciary, or any one or more justices of peace for the shire or stewartry, or judge ordinary of the place where such offence shall be committed, shall suffer imprisonment, without bail, during six months, and no longer; and being convicted of a second offence, before a court of justiciary, or at the circuits, shall be liable to be transported to any of his Majesty's plantations beyond the seas for seven years.

A "maiden assize," it will be observed, had a more limited meaning in 1732 than it has now:—

The Assizes ended at *Worcester*, which prov'd a Maiden Assizes, none being capitally convicted; and the Sheriffs, according to custom, presented the Judges with white Gloves. Three were cast for Transportation.

Of purely literary matter there is exceedingly little to record. The most noticeable perhaps is a series of articles copied from the *Grub Street Journal*, on Dr. Bentley's unfortunate edition of Milton. The writer severely criticises the presumptuous and chimerical emendations of the great philologist. Another eminent name is suggested by a notice of a marriage which appears in June 1736:—

June 3. Edward Gibbon, Esq., of Putney, Member of Parliament for Petersfield, to Miss Porteen.

These were the parents of the historian. With one more literary waif we conclude these desultory notices. It is a modest advertisement in the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—

At Edial, near *Litchfield* in *Staffordshire*, Young Gentlemen are Boarded and Taught the Latin and Greek Languages by SAMUEL JOHNSON. T. H.

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From The Saturday Review.

THE JOURNEY OF AUGUSTUS R. MARGARY.\*

A PIONEER'S record of travel through such an unknown country as the heart of China, extending over four months, must have procured an enthusiastic welcome for its author had he returned in safety as Lieutenant Cameron did from central Africa. A double interest is attached to this work from the unfortunate death of the author at the hands of a band of murderous Chinese. The exact circumstances of the murder may probably never be known, though Mr. Grosvenor's mission can be trusted to do all in its power to ascertain whether the attack was the result of premeditation and hatred or of panic and chance. The biography of Mr. Margary is short and simple. A son of an officer of high rank in the engineers, who was attached to the Bombay presidency, he was educated at a private school and at Brighton College, and entrusted to the care of relatives, like so many other chil-

dren of Anglo-Indian officials. He seems by all accounts to have been a lad of strong affections, great liveliness and intelligence, and undoubted pluck. His connection with Mr. Austen Layard, our minister at Madrid, enabled him to obtain a nomination to the diplomatic service and to go out to China as a student interpreter. The supporters of competitive examinations, if they read this diary, may feel a qualm when they learn that Mr. Margary all but missed entrance into the diplomatic service, seeing that it was not until his fourth attempt that he could pass the prescribed test. However, at Peking, Chefoo, and Shanghai he very soon made up for lost way, and in a short time was able to speak Chinese fluently and correctly, discoursing with local magnates, and even comprehending provincialisms of pronunciation and phraseology. In August 1874, to his evident surprise and gratification, he received instructions from our minister at Peking to undertake a journey right through the south-western provinces of China, and so meet a party which, under the command of Colonel Browne, was to start from Rangoon to Bhamo in order to open out a route for commerce between Burmah and the Chinese Empire. The remaining facts are few and soon told. In less than five months he accomplished this journey, joined Colonel Browne at Bhamo, started again eastward with the mission, and was cut off, when a little ahead of the others, in the neighborhood of Manwyne. He was not then thirty years of age. That Englishmen should wish to know something of his last adventures is perfectly natural and proper, and the present volume, which is intended to satisfy that desire, is made up of a short biographical notice, of extracts from his letters and his diary, and of a concluding chapter from the pen of Sir R. Alcock, in which that accomplished diplomatist discusses the value of these expeditions, and the chance of their creating new and profitable channels for commerce. Criticism of the diary and letters in a mere literary point of view would be out of place. We shall only remark that two or three of the ordinary incidents of his journey have been needlessly told twice over. A little judicious revision, for instance, would have avoided the repetition of a meeting with a Peking magistrate (pp. 167 and 173), and of a day's sport after waterfowl, in which he was obliged to divest himself of his gaiters and boots (pp. 301 and 306). But these slight blemishes are due to the compiler; and there is a manliness, a cheerful spirit,

\* *The Journey of Augustus Raymond Margary, from Shanghai to Bhamo, and back to Manwyne.* From his Journals and Letters, with a brief Biographical Preface. To which is added a Concluding Chapter. By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

an inherent vigor which was never overcome by sickness and debility, a tact which conquered the prejudices of a strange and a suspicious population, a quiet self-reliance, always combined with deep religious feeling unalloyed by either priggishness, cant, or superstition, that ought to commend this volume to readers sitting quietly at home who feel any pride in the high estimation accorded to men of their race at Yarkand or at Khiva, in the heart of Africa, or on the shores of Lake Serikul. If the success of a resolute young Englishman, slenderly equipped and forced to depend on his own resources, on this his first venture, could be any indication of future triumphs, Mr. Margary, had he lived, would have certainly attained a high rank amongst diplomatists and explorers. Whether the government were justified in deputing him, or in organizing the Burmese part of the expedition, is a question which Sir R. Alcock discusses at some length, and which we shall not fail to notice presently. But a summary of the incidents of this diary must take precedence of such speculations.

The real interest of the narrative begins where the writer, after passing Chinkiang, Nankin, and Kinkiang, left friends and English civilization behind him at the city of Hankow. Here he had to procure a boat, to hire servants, and to make his arrangements for a supply of money. It seems tolerably clear that the Tsungli Yamen, or Chinese minister at Peking, and the native viceroy at Hankow, acted with perfect good faith and honestly gave directions to the officials on the route to minister to the security and comfort of the English representative. Mr. Margary's credentials, his knowledge of the language, and his bearing and tact generally stood him in good stead. But every now and then he was treated with incivility, and at meals, levees, and toilet he was mobbed by crowds of inquisitive and impertinent villagers. The same inconveniences, it may be remembered, were experienced by the Russian, Colonel Prejevalsky, in his Mongolian and Tangutan tour. Rudeness, however, was by no means the rule. Incidentally but repeatedly we have mention of marked respect at the hands of local magistrates; of mandarins who knelt before the foreigner, called him *Tajin* or *Excellency*, and provided him with sumptuous repasts, in which his preference for ducks and mutton over pork was duly consulted—of servants sent to welcome him two days before he arrived at a certain city of which the pre-

fect, an old soldier, told him long stories about campaigns against the Miaotsze and the Mussulmans; and of the viceroy of Yunan, who proved himself "an almost unexpected friend and ally throughout." Nor can we gather that the renowned Le Hsieh Tai, once a brigand and afterwards a general, inspired him with any distrust. In fact, no one can carefully read this diary without coming to the conclusion that its very sad termination was what, humanly speaking, there was little ground to expect. In such undertakings the main difficulties come first, and they had been all surmounted. Mr. Margary had not only made his start, but had completed his share of the programme. Alone and unsupported, with only four servants, with neither Mahomedan orderlies or *Seikh Jemadars* as his bodyguard, he had gone through vast provinces and populous cities without incurring serious peril, and with no more inconvenience than the impertinences of lads who called him "foreign devil," or of mobs who screamed and shouted, while he had ample proofs that the high officials were not ill disposed to his cause. After he had exchanged a greeting with Colonel Browne and his party, and when things were not unpromising, he was suddenly cut down by some Chinese, instigated, it seems to us quite possible, by wild Kakhyan chiefs. It may really turn out that this murder, instead of springing from premeditation or any deep design, was due to panic, or to the idea that an outrage committed off-hand on an unprotected traveller would, after all, be not unacceptable at Peking. In any case, it is clear that Mr. Margary was in less danger amongst pigtailed mobs and screeching schoolboys than when almost in reach of an escort of Sikhs.

The particulars carefully noted of the general appearance of the country must tend to disperse the halo with which imperfect information or ignorant credulity has invested the Celestial Empire. Wide tracts were covered with original jungle-grass. The country in many places was thinly inhabited, and the inhabitants were poorly clad. Arable land had been thrown out of cultivation. The tea-plant grew wild, in hedges, to the height of eight or ten feet. There was a great want of decent roads, especially over some of the worst passes. It is fair to state that, against these pictures of desolation or backwardness, we have notices of fine pasture grounds, of lovely and picturesque scenery, of rice-cultivation in irrigated fields, of fruitful valleys, of cities where

there were inns for travellers, and of coal-mines worked by private persons. An opinion is hazarded that the province of Szechuen might consume a large amount of British produce, such as piece goods, crockery, and cutlery. The climate, on the whole, was not unpleasant, although there were days when mist and damp predominated, and the thermometer sank to forty-two at sunrise. Lucifer matches excited envy, and a certain well-travelled Chinese gentleman thought there was no sight in the world equal to Piccadilly with its double row of gas lamps. This intelligent traveller would have commanded the approval of Dr. Johnson. The final impression left on our mind is that, if eastern China is ever to be commercially developed, the best chance of success lies in the fine tact, temper, and perseverance of men like Mr. Margary. And this brings us to the topic discussed by Sir R. Alcock, who evidently has made up his mind that our political proceedings on the eastern frontier of our Indian dependency have not smoothed matters or predisposed the Chinese in our favor. We were wrong, it seems to him, to send Major Sladen in 1868 to Momein, and to attempt at that time an alliance with the Mahomedan chief of the Panthays. Neither was the connection established with the ruler of Yarkand by the two missions of 1870 and 1873 at all judicious or happy. In short, according to Sir R. Alcock, it is the old story of pioneers and traders who come only to see and write, and remain to build forts and annex provinces. The thing has been done so often, in spite of our repeated protestations of good faith and integrity, that we are distrusted all over the untrodden or unexplored East. We have to "trade and negotiate weighted with this heavy burden of distrust and suspicion." A pile of piece goods is supposed to hide a six-pounder; harmless cutlery is but the forerunner of destructive breechloaders and savage bayonets; and unpleasant documents relating to the cession of lands may lurk under the disguise of innocent treaties which merely allow English agents to reside, and British merchants to come and go in foreign cities. We agree, to a considerable extent, with these comments, and would further have enthusiastic Chambers of Commerce take to heart the limited estimate formed by this writer, than whom few are more competent, about the value of any trade between China and Burmah. It is very easy for presidents and delegates of manufacturing bodies to bring pressure

on a secretary of state, to ask troublesome questions in Parliament, and, with a lofty indifference to responsibility for failure or to mere expense, to urge that wild tribes must be disarmed, and that roads and telegraphs must be constructed in order that Manchester and Huddersfield may find a new market. But travellers, whether formally accredited or not, go at a certain risk. Slenderly provided with men and materials, they invite outrage and attack. Amply escorted, they are an offence to local self-importance and a standing menace to national pride. At any time diplomacy may be invoked and action must be threatened, because some Englishman has been insulted or murdered in strange places which no one but an American missionary has ever seen. But these remarks apply to the principle of such expeditions, and not to intrepid Englishmen who go wherever they are told. No suspicion of the holowness of traffic in eastern China, no belief in the impolicy of the statesmanship which hands over our military or political credit to the selfish representations of interested dealers, must cause us to withhold our tribute of admiration from young Englishmen such as Mr. Margary, who in their lives and deaths have shown that they can unite the courage of the soldier with the training of the civilian.

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From The Spectator.

#### EARLY CHRISTIANITY IN FIJI.

ONE of the most extraordinary and at the same time best-ascertained facts in the history of Christianity is the sudden completeness of its victory over some savage tribes. The great paganisms of old were very slow to yield to its influence, the great paganisms of to-day, Hindooism and popular Buddhism, yield their converts one by one, and Mahomedanism may be said to be unimpressionable, but a savage creed — a creed unsupported by a philosophy or an explanation of the Cosmos — yields every now and then utterly, finally, and at once. The Russian pagans became Christian in a day. No relic of any African creed, though many of African practice, can be found among the negroes of the American Union, though they have been there scarcely a century; the whole population of Hawaii became Christian in ten years; the ruling race of Madagascar adopted Christianity, as it were, at a blow; the Karens of Pegu offered themselves for baptism at a pace which alarmed missionary

consciences, and one tribe at least of India — the Coles — came over in whole villages at a time. One would have expected that conversions so sudden and based upon such a slight extent of knowledge would have been imperfect, and no doubt one change has occasionally been followed by another — the Hovas, for instance, having apostatised and repented, and an entire Christian village in Canara proclaiming itself Mahomedan by sound of drum — but, nevertheless, the "conversion" has very often been found to be in one way singularly complete. The ancient supernatural fears which one would suppose to last longest are all gone. A Polynesian that minute converted will chop up an idol, or cut down a sacred grove, or bid outrageous defiance to a visible and as it were, demonstrable hell, in the shape of a lake of volcanic fire, without an apparent twinge of fear. The Karens become in an hour, in their relation to the powers of the air, altered beings, and the Coles defy their old deities with a serenity that modern sceptics have never displayed. A scene of this kind, of almost unequalled picturesqueness and even grandeur, has just occurred in Fiji, and, as it happens, is described by the governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, in a letter to a private friend. Sir Arthur Gordon is perhaps the most noteworthy man now in the colonial service, — a man, we fear, of domineering temper, who accumulates dislikes on himself as other men accumulate money, but for all that, a God-fearing, just, and able man, who thinks the poor and weak ought to have justice, and will sacrifice not only his time but his comfort in the effort to insure that they do have it. His testimony is beyond all doubt, even if it were not backed, as in this instance it is, by independent story: "I wish I could give you some evidence, and he relates this extraordinary idea of the intense picturesqueness and curious events of this last month. One I must tell you. The Christian army was encamped round Bukatia, a very strong place, a vast mass of rock rising somewhat like the Acrocorinthus, above the river and the plain. This town had never been taken, and was regarded as impregnable by the cannibals. The oracles of their gods are shouted aloud by the priests speaking as in the gods' name, and this night an oracle was declared. The moon shone on the white river-mists, and threw the great black shadow of the rock far over the plain. Out of the stillness, from the very top of the rock, rang out the hoarse cry of the priest, audible nearly a

mile off, 'Fire is unknown to my house in Bukatia.' With one accord the whole beleaguering host shouted out in slow and measured tones the reply, 'Wait till tomorrow!' And the next day Bukatia was taken and the devil-temple burnt." Another narrator mentions the spontaneousness of the reply, its defiant tone, and, rolling as it did from the lips of fourteen hundred men, suddenly moved to the same triumphantly defiant ejaculation, its marvellously startling effect. No description we have ever read in history or in fiction has more about it of dramatic grandeur — the grandeur of intense surprise — and none excites a deeper sense of bewilderment. Here were fourteen hundred criminal savages converted, as it were, but yesterday, all born pagans, trained cannibals, habitual murderers — there is no story in Dante more horrible than Jackson's history of his life in Fiji, — and they, under circumstances that might have moved old Christians to awestruck emotion, hurl into the air at night and with a bloody battle before them, open defiance to the gods whom they had been bred since childhood to adore.

We believe the explanation to be in a certain incompleteness, or rather incomplete completeness, of the Christian victory, which explains many similar scenes in modern story, and much that has perplexed students in the early history of our creed. The Christian Fijians in adopting Christianity have not adopted, or indeed learned, all its ideas; have not risen — as, indeed, how should they rise all at once? — to the conception of an impersonal God, working by immutable laws, or laws mutable only at his will, — or indeed to the idea of the distance, so to speak, of the Deity at all. All they have embraced is the idea that he is, and is good — that he, this God of the all-powerful and intelligent white men, who lives above but near, is willing to receive them also, to be their protector and their sovereign friend, more especially, as they are taught, when in any human extremity they need a helper and an ally. They embrace that idea intensely, with the directness and the anthropomorphic tendency natural to such natures; and having embraced it, lose instantly all fear of their old gods. They are a little people with a grand ally. They do not disbelieve in the old deities, in the way of disbelieving their existence, do not inquire into their nature, but simply despise them utterly, as the servants of a baron might despise him when accepted into the service of a great king. The



Christian Fijians did not doubt, as we read their conduct, that the oracle had spoken, did not question that they were defied, and defied by a god; but instantly, simultaneously, in the name of their new allegiance, sent back the answering and defiant shout, — "Wait till to-morrow!" "*In te domine speravi, non confundar*," is their thought, and this not in the spirit of resignation, but in the spirit of one who relies implicitly on an all-powerful ally, sure to take up his own quarrel and give them victory. The speed of their conversion makes no difference to the fulness of their belief. They have got this central idea firmly, as firmly as those Jews had it who, believing all the while that Baal was somewhat, hewed down his priests in the name of their own stronger as well as more legitimate Deity; as firmly as the early Christian doctors, who, believing that Jupiter and the rest were potent evil beings, loaded them with every form of insult and defiance. It is the scene on Carmel, where perhaps only Elijah rose above this state of mind, if even he did, — the scene in the Mecca Holy of Holies when Ozza and Lat were hewn down, — repeated in our own century, and among minds even less developed than those of the Jews or the Koreish. We do not say the Fijian chiefs have not imbibed also something of the faith of Christ and the spirit of his teaching. The evidence seems to show that they have, that they have at least comprehended that vengeance, the massacre of the unresisting, is not for his servants — except, of course, when it is necessary to support Turks — but it was not out of Christianity, but out of a new allegiance to a God mightier and more friendly than their gods of the day before, that they thundered back that defiance. That faith is their stronghold at first, just as it is the stronghold of low-caste Hindoos or blacks of western Africa, who, embracing it, under Mussulman teaching, start up in a day from feeble slaves into brave, resolute, and, above, all, self-respecting men. It is the complete transfer of allegiance which is the cause of the completeness of the Christian victory, and of course, though the allegiance is rarely changed again, backslidings on any other point are not only possible, but almost certain. There must have been many such instances among our Scandinavian forefathers since Olaf, in identically the same spirit, defied Thor; and one instance, strange to bizarrerie, has occurred

among our own kings. The most interesting figure in Norman history, the Red King, in whom the wild force of will which marked the whole line of Rollo seemed to have risen almost to insanity, had for sole creed this notion of allegiance; and knowing nothing of loyalty except under its feudal form, held that God was his suzerain, with duties towards him. Mr. Langton Sanford, in his splendid sketch of the man, the best of many fine sketches, says: —

I have no doubt that he believed thoroughly in the existence and power of God, — beyond this he probably believed nothing. He had a thorough hatred and contempt for all the human apparatus of religion, and was disposed to stand on his own rights as king and man even against Deity itself. He acknowledged that he was responsible to God, if to no one else; but he had also a curious feeling of the responsibility of God himself to certain paramount rules of justice and injustice, to which they both owed allegiance. Perhaps he regarded God as his *suzerain*, just as he himself was the *suzerain* of his great nobles, and they again the immediate lords of their own vassals. But his *suzerain* must not do him wrong, any more than he ought to do wrong to that *suzerain*. This may sound very like impiety to many, but to Rufus it probably really meant something very different, though doubtless he took a malicious but foolish pleasure in enunciating it in the most offensive form, in order to horrify both clerk and layman. He looked upon virtue or abstinence from vice as a sort of feudal *aid* due by him to God as his suzerain, and to be withheld if he had cause of grievance against him, and had renounced temporarily his allegiance, as it was to be evaded as much as possible in the ordinary state of things. When during a severe illness he was led through the fear of death to choose an archbishop, he chose the one who appeared to be forced on him by the hand of God, and whom he regarded as the nominee of his irresistible suzerain; but he resented the necessity and the imposition all the same, and when the danger was over, and the zealous but injudicious archbishop urged on him to live more in conformity with the will of God, his strange creed broke forth in the startling rejoinder, — "Hear, bishop, by the holy face of Lucca, the Lord shall find no good one in me for all the evil he has inflicted on me!"

We greatly fear that had the oracle proved right, and the Christians been defeated, a good many of the Fijians would have felt, at all events till further instruction had reached them, very much after the fashion of the Red King.

From Nature.

## GEORGE SMITH.

THE untimely death of Mr. George Smith at the early age of thirty-seven, is a loss that can ill be repaired. Scholars can be reared and trained, but hardly more than once in a century can we expect a genius with the heaven-born gift of divining the meaning of a forgotten language and discovering the clue to an unknown alphabet. The marvellous instinct by which Mr. Smith ascertained the substantial sense of a passage in the Assyrian inscriptions without being always able to give a philological analysis of the words it contained, gave him a good right to the title of "the intellectual picklock," by which he was sometimes called. The pioneer of Assyrian research, and the decipherer of the Cypriote inscriptions, he could be all the less spared at the present moment, when a key is needed to the reading of those Hamathite hieroglyphics to which the last discoveries he was destined to make have given such an unexpected importance.

Mr. Smith was born of poor parents, and his school-education was consequently broken off at the age of fifteen, when he was apprenticed to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans to learn the art of engraving. While in this employment he often stole half the time allowed for dinner for visits to the British Museum, and saved his earnings to buy the works of the leading writers on Assyrian subjects. Sir Henry Rawlinson was struck with the young man's intelligence and enthusiasm, and after furnishing him with various casts and squeezes, through which Mr. Smith was led to make his first discovery (the date of the payment of tribute by Jehu to Shalmaneser) he proposed to the trustees of the Museum that Mr. Smith should be associated with himself in the preparation of the third volume of the "Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia." This was in 1867, and from this year Mr. Smith entered upon his official life at the Museum and definitely devoted himself to the study of the Assyrian monuments. The first fruits of his labors were the discovery of two inscriptions, one fixing the date of a total eclipse of the sun in the month Sivan or May, B.C. 763, and the other the date of an invasion of Babylonia by the Elamites in B.C. 2280, and a series of articles in the *Zeitschrift für Egyptische Sprache*, which threw a flood of light upon later Assyrian history and the political relations between Assyria and Egypt.

In 1871 he published "The Annals of

Assur-bani-pal," or Sardanapalus, transliterated and translated, a work which involved immense labor in the preparation of the text and the examination of variant readings. This was followed by an excellent little pamphlet on the chronology of Sennacherib's reign and a list of the characters of the Assyrian syllabary. About the same time he contributed to the newly-founded Society of Biblical Archaeology a very valuable paper on "The Early History of Babylonia" (since republished in "The Records of the Past"), as well as an account of his decipherment of the Cypriote inscriptions which had hitherto been such a stumbling-block and puzzle to scholars. The Cypriote syllabary as determined by him has been the basis of the later labors of Birch, Brandis, Siegmund, Deecke, Schmidt, and Hall.

It was in 1872, however, that Mr. Smith made the discovery which has caused his name to be a household word in England. His translation of "The Chaldean Account of the Deluge" was read before the Society of Biblical Archaeology on the 3d of December, and in the following January he was sent to excavate on the site of Nineveh by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. After unearthing the missing fragment of the deluge story, he returned to England with a large and important collection of objects and inscriptions. Among these were fragments which recorded the succession and duration of the Babylonian dynasties, a paper on which was contributed by the discoverer to the Society of Biblical Archaeology. It was in connection with these chronological researches that Mr. Smith's invaluable volume on "The Assyrian Eponym Canon" was written for Messrs. Bagster in 1875. Shortly afterwards he again left England to continue his excavations at Kouyunjik for the trustees of the British Museum, and in spite of the difficulties and annoyances thrown in his way by the Turks, he succeeded in bringing home a large number of fragmentary tablets, many of them belonging to the great Solar Epic in twelve books, of which the episode of the deluge forms the eleventh lay. An account of his travels and researches was given in his "Assyrian Discoveries," published at the beginning of 1875. The remainder of the year was occupied in piecing together and translating a number of fragments of the highest importance, relating to the Creation, the Fall, the Tower of Babel, etc. The results of these labors were embodied in his book, "The Chaldean Account of Genesis."

The great value of these discoveries induced the trustees of the museum to despatch Mr. Smith on another expedition in order to excavate the remainder of Assur-bani-pal's library at Kouyunjik, and so complete the collection of tablets in the British Museum. Mr. Smith accordingly went to Constantinople last October, and after some trouble succeeded in obtaining a firman for excavating. He set out for his last and fatal journey to the East in March, taking with him Dr. Eneberg, a Finnic Assyriologue. While detained at Aleppo on account of the plague, he explores the banks of the Euphrates from the Balis northward, and at Yerabolus discovered the ancient Hittite capital, Carchemish—a discovery which bids fair to rival in importance that of Nineveh itself. After visiting Devi, or Thapsakus, and other places, he made his way to Bagdad, where he procured between two and three thousand tablets discovered by some Arabs in an ancient Babylonian library near Hillah. From Bagdad he went to Kouyunjik, and found, to his intense disappointment, that owing to the troubled state of the country it was impossible to excavate. Meanwhile Dr. Eneberg had died, and Mr. Smith, worn out by fatigue and anxiety, broke down at Iksiji, a small village about sixty miles north-east of Aleppo. Here he was found by Mr. Parsons, and Mrs. Skene, the consul's wife at Aleppo, and a medical man having been sent for, conveyed him by easy stages to Aleppo, where he died August 19th. He has left behind him the MS. of a "History of Babylonia," intended to be a companion volume to his "History of Assyria," published by the S. P. C. K. last year.

Mr. Smith's obliging kindness was only equalled by his modesty. Shortly after his return from his first expedition he was showing the present writer some of the tablets he had found, when a lady and gentleman came up and asked various questions, to which he replied with his usual courtesy. They thanked him and were turning away when, hearing his name pronounced, the lady asked: "Are you Mr. Smith?" On his replying, "That is my name, madam," she exclaimed, "What, not the *great* Mr. Smith!" and then, like the gentleman with her, insisted upon having "the honor" of shaking hands with the distinguished Assyriologue, while the latter crimsoned to the roots of his hair. His loss is an irreparable one to Assyriology, even beyond his powers as a decipherer, as his memory enabled him to remember the place and nature of each of

the myriad clay fragments now in the museum, while his keenness of vision made his copies of the minute characters of the tablets exceptionally trustworthy. It is distressing to think that he leaves behind him a wife and large family of small children, the youngest of whom was born but a short time before his last departure from England.

A. H. SAYCE.

From The Athenæum.

#### BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the British Association the president, Sir W. Thomson, in his opening address, said:—

Six weeks ago, when I landed in England after a most interesting trip to America and back, and became painfully conscious that I must have the honor to address you here to-day, I wished to write an address of which science in America should be the subject. I came home, indeed, vividly impressed with much that I had seen, both in the Great Exhibition of Philadelphia and out of it, showing the truest scientific spirit and devotion, the originality, the inventiveness, the patient, persevering thoroughness of work, the appreciativeness, and the generous open-mindedness and sympathy from which the great things of science comes. I wish I could speak to you of the veteran Henry, generous rival of Faraday in electro-magnetic discovery; of Peirce, the founder of high mathematics in America; of Bache, and of the splendid heritage he has left to America and to the world in the United States Coast Survey; of the great school of astronomers which followed Gould, Newton, Newcomb, Watson, Young, Clarke, Rutherford, Draper, father and son; of Commander Belknap and his great exploration of the Pacific depths by pianoforte wire, with imperfect apparatus supplied from Glasgow, out of which he forced a success in his own way; of Capt. Sigsbee, who followed with like fervor and resolution, and made further improvements in the apparatus by which he has done marvels of easy, quick, and sure deep-sea sounding in his little surveying ship "Blake"; and of the admirable official spirit which makes such men and such doings possible in the United States Naval Service. I would like to tell you, too, of my reason for confidently expecting that American hydrography will soon supply the data from tidal observations long ago asked of our government in vain by a committee of the British Association, by which the

amount of the earth's elastic yielding to the distorting influence of the sun and moon will be measured; and of my strong hope that the Compass Department of the American navy will repay the debt to France, England, and Germany so appreciatively acknowledged in their reprint of the works of Poisson, Airy, Archibald Smith, Evans, and the Liverpool Compass Committee, by giving in return a fresh marine survey of terrestrial magnetism, to supply the navigator with data for correcting his compass without sights of sun or stars. In the United States telegraphic department I saw and heard Elisha Gray's splendidly worked out electric telephone actually sounding four messages simultaneously on the Morse code, and clearly capable of doing yet four times as many with very moderate improvements of detail; and I saw Edison's automatic telegraph delivering 1,015 words in fifty-seven seconds; this done by the long-neglected electro-chemical method of Bain, long ago condemned in England to the helot work of recording from a relay, and then turned adrift as needlessly delicate for that. In the Canadian department I heard "To be or not to be . . . there's the rub," through an electric wire; but, scorning monosyllables, the electric articulation rose to higher flights, and gave me passages taken at random from the New York newspapers:—"S.S. Cox has arrived" (I failed to make out the s.s. Cox); "The City of New York," "Senator Morton," "The senate has resolved to print a thousand extra copies," "The Americans in London have resolved to celebrate the coming fourth of July." All this my own ears heard spoken to me with unmistakable distinctness by the thin circular disc armature of just such another little electro-magnet as this which I hold in my hand. The words were shouted with a clear and loud voice by my colleague-judge, Prof. Watson, at the far end of the line, holding his mouth close to a stretched membrane, such as you see before you here, carrying a little piece of soft iron, which was thus made to perform in the neighborhood of an electro-magnet in circuit with the line motions proportional to the sonoric motions of the air. This, the greatest by far of all the marvels of the electric telegraph, is due to a young countryman of our own, Mr. Graham Bell of Edinburgh, and Montreal, and Boston, now a naturalized citizen of the United States. Who can but admire the hardihood of invention which devised such very slight means to realize the mathematical conception that, if elec-

tricity is to convey all the delicacies of quality which distinguish articulate speech, the strength of its current must vary continuously, and, as nearly as may be, in simple proportion to the velocity of a particle of air engaged in constituting the sound! The Patent Museum of Washington, an institution of which the nation is justly proud, and the beneficent working of the United States patent laws, deserve notice in the section of the British Association concerned with branches of science to which nine-tenths of all the useful patents of the world owe their foundations. I was much struck with the prevalence of patented inventions in the Exhibition; it seemed to me that every good thing deserving a patent was patented. I asked one inventor of a very good invention,— "Why don't you patent it in England?" He answered,— "The conditions in England are too onerous." We certainly are far behind America's wisdom in this respect. If Europe does not amend its patent laws (England in the opposite direction to that proposed in the bills before the last two sessions of Parliament), America will speedily become the nursery of useful inventions for the world. I should tell you also of "Old Prob's" weather warnings, which cost the nation \$250,000 a year. Money well spent, say the Western farmers, and not they alone. In this the whole people of the United States are agreed, and though Democrats or Republicans, playing the "economical ticket," may for half a session stop the appropriations for even the United States Coast Survey, no one would for a moment think of starving "Old Prob;" and now that eighty per cent. of his probabilities have proved true, and General Myers has for a month back ceased to call his daily forecasts "probabilities," and has begun to call them indications, what will the Western farmers call him this time next year? But the stimulus of intercourse with American scientific men left no place in my mind for framing or attempting to frame a report on American science. Disturbed by Newcomb's suspicions of the earth's irregularities as a timekeeper, I could think of nothing but precession and nutation, and tides and monsoons, and settlements of the equatorial regions and melting of polar ice. Week after week passed before I could put down two words which I would read to you here to-day, and so I have nothing to offer for my address but a review of evidence regarding the physical conditions of the earth; its internal temperature; the

fluidity or solidity of its interior substance; the rigidity, elasticity, plasticity of its external figure; and the permanence or variability of its period and axis of rotation.

As a result of this review, he found that certain reasonings which he had published regarding precession and nutation in a rigid shell filled with liquid were wrong. He had now worked out the problem rigorously, for the case of a homogeneous liquid enclosed in an ellipsoidal shell; and had obtained results, which were absolutely decisive against the geological hypothesis of a thin rigid shell, full of liquid. But interesting in a dynamical point of view as this problem of Hopkins's is, it cannot afford a decisive argument against the earth's interior liquidity. It assumes the crust to be perfectly stiff and unyielding in its figure, and this of course it cannot be, because no material is infinitely rigid. But may it not be stiff enough to practically fulfil the condition of unyieldingness? No, decidedly it cannot. On the contrary, were it of continuous steel and five hundred kilometres thick, it would yield very nearly as much as a solid globe of indian-rubber, to the deforming influences of centrifugal force and of the sun's and moon's attractions. The supposition of a crust of such thickness as would be consistent with the actual amounts of precession and nutation, with a liquid interior, is disproved by observations of the tides, which show that there is no such flexibility in the shell as this supposition would require. The investigations of Adams and Dalaunay had shown that there was an apparent acceleration of the moon's mean motion, possibly due to a real retardation of the earth's rotation by tidal friction. Newcomb's subsequent investigations in the lunar theory have, on the whole, tended to confirm this result; but they have also brought to light some remarkable apparent irregularities in the moon's motion, which he believes to be really due to irregularities in the earth's rotational velocity. If this is the true explanation, it seems that the earth was going slow from 1850 to 1862, so much as to have got behind by seven seconds in these twelve years, and then to have begun going faster again, so as to gain eight seconds from 1862 to 1872. So great an irregularity as this would require somewhat greater changes of sea-level, but not very much greater, than the British Association committee's reductions of tidal observations for several places in different parts of the world allow us to admit to have possibly taken place.

From The Economist.

#### PROTECTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

A PROLONGED and rather unprofitable controversy has been carried on in the *Times* as to the limits to which protection in the United States is likely to be carried, and the probable consequences, in the long run, of the system which the manufacturers of America have built up. Captain Galton, who has lately been visiting the Philadelphia Exhibition, was greatly impressed with the astonishing results there displayed of the progress of the manufacturing industries of the Union within the past twenty years. It is stated by Captain Galton, and confirmed by other witnesses, that the advance upon what was possible before the Republican party came into power, and protection was accepted as the official doctrine of the American government, is almost beyond belief. It is certain that at Philadelphia the representation of American industry outshone the inadequate exhibition of English and other European manufactures, and it is probably true that the mechanical genius and the commercial instincts of the American people, working in combination, have actually approached, and threaten to equal, the most admirable industrial efforts of the Old World. Captain Galton goes so far as to assert that British manufacturers have hopelessly lost their hold upon the markets of the United States. Other observers go further, and picture the disastrous consequences of the removal of protective duties in America, which will bring American manufactures into ruinous competition with us, we are told, in the open markets of the rest of the world. We think that all these apprehensions are either absolutely unfounded or grossly exaggerated. They point to an unsteadiness of conviction in the minds of the industrial classes in England, which would be dangerous were there ever to be—which is quite possible—a foolish democratic outcry among the English working-classes. Such fears may possibly do some good by making our manufacturers perceive the truth—already sufficiently obvious—that the industrial supremacy of this country cannot be preserved without continual efforts to improve the quality and cheapen the cost of manufactured articles; but they are much more likely to do mischief by suggesting impracticable or ultimately ruinous remedies.

What is the actual state of the case in the United States? American industries have vastly improved in the character of their products, and as this improvement



has gone on under a protective system, those products have, by degrees, forced themselves upon the American markets to the exclusion of European commodities. Protection made the latter artificially dear, and as in time the American manufacturer began to produce something which could fairly stand comparison with the European, and which, though costly also, was not so costly as the European article, weighted with the duty, had become, the state of things came about on which Captain Galton looks with admiring amazement, and the representatives of some English industries with undisguised dismay. But what has been the result to the American manufacturers themselves? They may command their own home markets, but they do so at something approaching to an absolute loss. Protection has been followed by excess of competition and by over-production, almost unparalleled, it is said, in the history of trade. To this is attributed the present prostration of the leading American industries. This would not seem to furnish any very striking arguments in favor of the protective system; but the fears of the manufacturers, who write in doleful language to the *Times*, use the very failure of the system as a proof that having done the maximum of mischief to English industry in one way, the policy of the United States will now be turned about, and will do us equal or greater injury in the opposite direction. It is argued that the American manufacturer, unsuccessful as he has been in making large profits of late years, has succeeded at any rate, in doing two things—in beating England and Europe out of the American markets, and in placing American manufacturers, at least, on a level in point of excellence with those of Europe. The latter fact, we are assured, will be proclaimed to the world by the Philadelphia Exhibition, and the world will be ready to receive the information eagerly. But the American manufacturers, already able to lower their prices by the diminution in the rate of wages, will be still more relieved by the operation of the late crisis, which has transferred factories and machinery into new hands at a comparatively trifling cost. The manufacturer who has come into possession of his buildings and plant at one-fourth of the original outlay, and who pays workmen forty per cent. less than he would have been obliged to pay them four years ago, is plainly so much the better able to enter into competition on the ground of cheapness as well as of quality.

Why, then, should he not compete abroad as well as at home? Why should not American manufacturers challenge the supremacy of English in the markets of continental Europe, of the East, and even of our own colonies? This prospect, it is said, is tempting the American manufacturers to the side of free-trade. They find that the tariff which doubtfully protects them at home, for prices artificially raised are devoured by competition and over-production, prevents them from entering into anything like equal rivalry with England abroad. This conviction, according to some shrewd observers, has given the death-blow to protection, and free-trade will soon, we are told, be the accepted policy of the American government. Then we shall find that America will step forward as a formidable competitor in every foreign market, and if we do not take care we shall find it hard to hold our own.

By all means let us take care, but, in truth, if we cannot hold our own in the conditions stated, we deserve to be beaten. The course of events indicated is precisely what we have always contended the question of the tariff in the United States would develop. There, as elsewhere, we felt certain that the over-impatience of consumers against high prices would never make free-trade a political question of the first order; but that when the producers themselves began to feel the system pinch them the solution would soon be reached. If it should be, we have no fear of the industrial pre-eminence of England. Granting that the Americans have made progress astonishingly in the last twenty years, we have the traditions and the habits of a period ten times as long, and our national energies have not assuredly lost their elasticity and adaptive power. It is absurd to suppose that the present "shrinkage" in the value of American factories and machinery can be taken as a permanent element in the competition between the manufacturers of the United States and those of the Old World, and still less justifiable is it to count upon the recent fall in wages as a lasting deduction from the burdens on American industry. As yet the Americans have never been able to stand up before us in the open field of competition, and the conclusion that they will be able to do so, because under protection they have improved production and got the command of their own markets, is a wholly illegitimate inference.